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[THE HALF-CASTE.]

## POOR LOO.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### SUMA'S DANGER.

"Fate steals along with ceaseless tread,  
And meets us oft when least we dread;  
Frowns in the storm with threatening brow,  
Yet in the sunshine strikes the blow." COWPER.

In a low public-house much frequented by sailors of every nation under Heaven, standing near the water's edge in one of the most disreputable localities of New York, was a woman, dark-skinned, with black, straight hair and big, full, Eastern, looking eyes, of whom the poet well might write:

"Her soul was full of passion,  
And her eyes were full of sleep."

Not that dark-eyed beauties were rare in this city on the western side of the Atlantic, but they carried their price about with them, for this was, if you will please to remember, in 1854, when the Crimean War was being fought, and ten years before the Civil War in America had broken out and ended with the abolition of slavery.

The dark-eyed, olive-skinned woman carried a child with her, a blue-eyed, fair-complexioned child of some six months old, who crowing and laughing, was trying to feel its feet on something firm and insisting upon making friends with everyone, even with the grimy, dissipated woman who kept the hovel, and the sunburnt sailors who assembled in it.

"And so you was shipwrecked, I guess," said the woman who presided over the destinies of the place,

speaking with a strong American twang, and considering it a mark of condescension on her part to speak to "them coloured trash."

"Yes," replied Suma, in an apathetic manner; "the Mame Sahib died and the ship was that to the water," and she held her hand almost level to the ground, "and we got in a boat, and the sun burnt us, and the water made us afraid, and two days and two nights went by, and I thought she would die," with a fond glance at the child, "and a big ship took us up and brought us for days and weeks and months over the sea, and Jack brought me here."

"Yes, Jack left you in my care; Jack Spratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean—you're not Jack Spratt's wife, are you?"

"No, my husband is alive in India. I am Mrs. Wrightson," and Suma's figure became almost majestic as she asserted her right to an English husband.

"Wal, I hope your husband will like Jack Spratt taking you about all over the world," remarked the woman with a sneer, as she went off to serve some customer with some of the strong liquors that could be obtained in the establishment.

For a moment Suma shrank under the implied sneer, but let her husband be jealous or not, how could she help herself?

Circumstances over which she could exercise no control had thrown her from security to constant and imminent peril.

The boat into which she had jumped from the "Lurline" had been picked up by an American vessel bound to China for tea and silks, thence to New York, and Suma, the only woman rescued, had no option but to go where she might be taken.

All the rest of the boat's inmates were seamen, and the "President," the ship that rescued them, was in want of hands, so nothing was more natural than that on their recovery the men should be glad to take service for the rest of the voyage with those who had saved their lives.

Of this number was Jack Spratt, the man who had caught the baby which Suma threw into the

boat, and who at that terrible time showed a great amount of kindness both to her and the child.

He it was who managed to rig a piece of sailcloth to shield them from the sun, also to make a shelter from the rain; who forced Suma to eat, and who then bargained that she should be taken to New York, whence she would be able to return to England.

So far Jack had treated Suma as he might have done if she had been his own sister, not but that he admired the dark-skinned beauty, for Suma, after her peculiar style, was beautiful, but he felt it would be mean to take advantage of her helplessness, and he was naturally too unselfish and generous to do so.

To take her back to England to the relatives of her late mistress, through whom she could communicate with her friends or relatives in India, had been his simple and only intention, but fate had willed it otherwise.

With this object in view he had gone out this very afternoon on their arrival at New York to look for a vessel bound for England, leaving the woman and child in, as he believed, safe keeping.

A few minutes after the person who kept the house had ceased speaking to Suma, two tall, lanky, somewhat wild-looking men sauntered into the place, and ordering glasses of hot whisky, glanced impudently around.

Suma, with the instinct of a semi-Eastern woman, hastily covered her face, not, however, before one of them had caught sight of her flashing eyes and dark skin.

"Oh, what have we here, a coloured gal, a runaway slave? The very one we're looking arter, I'll be bound; let's look at you, my beauty," and the man approached and attempted to tear the thick veil in which she was muffled from her head.

But the woman resisted, the child being frightened screamed, the men swore, others who were present took part in adding to the uproar, and the man who had tried to uncover the woman's face insisted with many oaths that she was his slave, who a year before, had run away from him, and producing a revolver

he dared anyone present to interfere with him or his property.

Frightened as Suma was she had yet sufficient presence of mind to throw the covering off from her face and head and look boldly at the man who claimed her.

A shout of derision was given by his companion as she did so, for her straight, clearly cut, and somewhat large features, with the olive tint of her complexion, and the large, round gold rings which she wore in her ears—all marked her as being so thoroughly Asiatic rather than African in extraction that even the slave-dealer's audacity was unequal to enforcing his claim.

"I am an Englishwoman, my husband is an Englishman," she said, firmly; "how dare you call me your slave?"

"Why couldn't you show your face when you was bid," growled the man, savagely, as he returned his revolver to his belt. "But who is your husband?"

"Jack."

It was not in reply to this question, it was the name of the man who had befriended her since she left the "Lurline," and who now entered the dingy, smoke-filled room in which she was sitting.

"Is this your wife?" asked the slave-dealer, unwilling to relinquish his prey, and turning to the Englishman.

"What business is that of yours?" was the reply; "you mind your own affairs, master, and let other folks alone. Here, come along, Suma, my lass, give me the kid, she's heavy for you. Good-day to you, ma'am, with a nod to the woman behind the bar, and so saying, and taking the child, who was already fond of him, in his arms, he led the way out of the horrible place, followed by the half-caste, who, despite her inward terror, walked with a stately step past the man, whose hands still itched to grasp her.

They walked along the streets for some distance, and the woman, who for so long had been unused to such exertion, was getting tired when Jack stopped before a mean-looking house, still by the water's side, knocked at the door, and being recognised, was allowed to enter.

"There's no ship for England that we can go by for three days," he said, when he had led the way into a shabby little room and shut the door, "and I've been thinking, Suma, as we come along here that you and me had better get spliced."

"Spliced; what is that?"

"Well, that we'd better sign articles together—get married, if you understand that better."

"Married?"

The woman shrank from him as though he had threatened to strike her.

"That's what I meant; but you don't like me enough," with an expression of pain.

"It is not that; oh, it is not that! and you have been so kind to me and to poor Loo; but—I—I—"

"I didn't mean to say anything," continued Jack, sadly, "for it seems mean to take advantage of a woman whose got no one else to help her, but the way that slave-dealer went on just now that you've been telling me about frightened me, and he's not the only one in this infernal city that will try to make out he's bought and paid for you, and that you belong to him body and soul, so it's for your sake more than my own I ask you to marry me now. When we got back to England I might ha' done it, thinking you'd be free to say 'no' if you wished, but you see now how things stand."

"Oh, Jack, you are good and kind; but—"

"But what, lass? Out with it."

"I have been married!"

"Ah! and you think he's alive?"

"He was when I left India."

"What was he that he let you come away as he did?"

"A soldier."

"Then he's gone to the war, no doubt. I heard about it this morning on the quay. You may make sure he'll be killed, Suma; if he ain't dead already; but I'll leave it to you. No one shall say as how Jack Spratt drove a woman to do what she'd no mind to. Never mind; don't think any more about it at present. We'll make the best of things as they stand. There's this room for you; I've got another for myself in the house. Keep yourself as cheerful as you can, lass, and don't go out of the house till the ship is ready to sail. Anything you want, you know, I'll get for you."

But Suma made no reply.

It seemed as though years had flown since she last saw her husband, and he, she remembered, had not been so kind to her, nay, more than once in her short life she had wished she had never met him, and here was Jack, kind and thoughtful and tender.

She thought of all this, looked at the child, hid her dark face in its white neck, and, unused as she was to exhibit emotion, she sobbed aloud.

Jack, however, had left the room, and though he sent the woman of the house to attend to her, and get anything she required, he never came near her for the whole day, and the next morning he just put his head inside the door, and asked:

"Can I get you anything?"

"Shall we go to England to-morrow?" was the question, in lieu of a reply.

"I hope so; but it isn't sure."

"I want some things for Loo and myself for the journey. I have money. How shall I get them?"

"Make a list out. You mustn't show your face in the street. I'll look in when I come back."

And again she was left alone with the baby. Constancy is a rare thing and a virtue that, with good reason and profit, should be cultivated, but to a half-awakened and a wholly uneducated mind like Suma's—a mind in which the reasoning faculties and moral perceptions were but of the dimmest and vaguest order—the claims and duties to what was far away bore no proportion whatever to the desires and necessities of the present.

Suma's early life and training also had been anything but conducive to high moral principle, or any strict ideas of fidelity and rectitude, and it was almost strange, the surroundings of her life considered, that she had hitherto lived such a well-meaning and blameless life.

Her mother had been a native Ayah, of a somewhat higher caste than the generality of such attendants, and had, to the disgust of her relatives, who repudiated her, married an English soldier.

Three months after her child Suma was born the Hon. Mrs. Fitz-Howard, second wife of the late Earl of Drayton—though he had not then succeeded to the peerage—gave birth to a daughter, and her former Ayah was engaged to nurse it, thus it was that Lady Alice and Suma were foster-sisters.

For the first nine years of their lives they were playmates, then Lady Alice was taken to England, her father having succeeded to the title and estates of his ancestors, and Suma lived on, receiving a partial education through the influence of the chaplain of the regiment, who found her bright and intelligent.

She was on the point of being married when Lady Alice came back to India with her husband.

The old childish affection that had existed between them was revived, so that some two years later, when, for the sake of her health, Lady Alice was ordered home to England, Suma, with her husband's consent, almost by his desire, accompanied her.

Indeed, Suma's married life, short as it was, had not been a happy one.

Handsome, bright and intelligent as she was, her husband, in a short time, thought he had made a mistake in marrying a half-caste, and was neither kind nor considerate enough to hide his disappointment, or ignore the real cause of it.

The slights and insults she thus received rankled in the proud woman's heart, and when she left India with Lady Alice, carrying her child with her, the determination was in her mind never to return to the legal tyrant who held such power over her.

For all this she was not prepared to commit bigamy.

To rejoice in being free from one man is scarcely a good preparation for tying oneself to another, who may be quite as great a tyrant if he has the chance.

Besides, imperfect as her education had been, Suma remembered that in the marriage ceremony she had repeated the vow to be true and faithful "till death us do part," and she shrank from being the first to violate it.

Day was closing in, and the child, hushed to sleep, was lying on the bed, when Jack Spratt tapped at the door and came into the room with an open newspaper in his hand.

"Praps you'd like to know the news," he said, curtly. "There's been a fight; you can read it."

With which he laid down the paper and went out, while Suma, scarcely knowing what to fear, hesitated even to take it up.

## CHAPTER V

### JACK SPRATT AND HIS WIFE.

The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear  
And something every day they live  
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

It was useless hesitating, there was evidently something in the newspaper that Jack wished her to

read, and with nervous dread Suma looked at the page which he had laid open before her.

"News from the seat of war. List of the killed and wounded in the engagement of the 11th, before Sebastopol."

Then followed column after column of names, and Suma read them all through steadily—she knew what she should find.

She came to it at last among the fatal list.

"Wrightson, David, 16th Lancers."

The newspaper flutters from her hand to the ground.

Dead!

While she was thinking of him and wishing herself free to marry again!

The idea sent a shudder through her frame, and though she did not weep or cry, as some more demonstrative women would have done, she sat with the baby in her arms, rocking it backwards and forwards, mumbling a monotonous kind of chant as a lullaby.

When the woman of the house brought her meals, as she did by Jack's order, she found her in this condition, and obtained but a brief and curt reply to her questions, though, on asking if she required anything, the answer was:

"Yes; opium to smoke."

But the woman replied in consternation that she did not know where to procure it, and when she repeated the request to the sailor, he gave her some cigars and tobacco to take to the suffering woman.

Suma sent them back, however.

She wanted opium to soothe her senses, lull them to sleep, and produce ecstatic visions in which all that troubled her would be carried away and forgotten.

Jack, however, did not procure what she asked for.

She knew not where to obtain it herself, and she wandered about the room restlessly, the wail of the child at times failing to rouse her to attend to it.

The natural apathy of her mother's race after a time conquered, the impatience gave place to an impressionless icy calm, and the woman who waited upon her reported to Jack that she seemed as though she'd been cut out of a piece of stone, so set and seemingly devoid of life was every feature.

The next morning, though still bearing traces of suffering in the heavy eyes and the lines of her handsome face, Suma was herself again, and sent a message to ask Jack to come to her.

"Do we go to England to-day?" she asked, when he came into the room.

"No," he answered, shortly, "'twas a merchant ship. I thought to get you a passage in it and work my way over, but they wouldn't take you. I'm afraid we'll have to take a passage for you in one of the regular steamers, only 'twill cost a good bit."

"I have money," she said, wearily.

"Have you? Then you're all right. I'll take a passage for you by the first ship that sails. There'll be sure to be one in a day or two."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I'll get a ship here as well as in any English town. Don't think of me. How's the little one?"

The child answered for herself by crowing and holding out her arms to be taken, and a few minutes later Jack was tossing her about, to her immense delight, while Suma stood looking at them, thinking what a kind father he would be to the child, and how utterly miserable and alone she herself would be in the world, if she once sent him away from her.

With her husband's death the last tie which bound her to her old life seemed to have been severed.

Had Lady Alice Fitz-Howard still been alive Suma would have travelled the world over to find her, but she was dead, and of Lady Elizabeth and Drayton Abbey the woman knew nothing, except by name.

True, there was still Captain Fitz-Howard Hill to whom she might go, if he could be found, but undoubtedly he had gone to the war, perhaps had shared the same fate as her husband, and she was again thrown back upon the sailor as her one refuge and resource.

He was getting tired of play.

The child was returned to her arms, and he was turning to leave the room, when Suma said:

"You mustn't leave me, Jack. I've no one in the world but you now."

She extended her brown hand, which he took in his own, eagerly.

"Don't mean we shall get spliced, lass?"

"Yes."

"That's right; give us a buster, lass, bab and all. I'll be a good mate to you, and a father to the little 'un."



With which Jack hugged the two with great fervour, while Suma, who had still many Eastern prejudices about her, shrank slightly from his embrace.

"Here, Loo; come along to your new dad," he said, perhaps partly to hide his chagrin, and the child, nothing loth, stretched out its little hands.

Then Jack sat down, and drawing Suma to his side, began to discuss with her their future arrangements.

"We'll sign articles as soon as we can," he commenced, "and then we'll get over to England; there you'll be safe and well, whether I'm with you or not; and I'll be going on some long cruises, I expect, my lass; but you'll get half of my money while I'm away from you, and there'll be Loo, and p'raps some other little uns to keep you company in the long days and nights; you'll not mind it, will you? It's what every sailor's wife has to put up with."

"No; I'll not mind," was the reply, "if you'll be kind to me, Jack; you will, won't you?"

"Kind to you! Do you think, lass, I'd be unkind to a woman or a child, if my life hung by it?"

"No, Jack, I know you wouldn't."

And the beautiful, dusky face bent forward to meet his, and for the first time in her life she kissed him.

I suppose the "old, old story" is pretty much the same, whether it be told of the inmates of a hotel or a palace; for

"How should the story vary?"

How should the song be now?

Musie and meaning marry,

'Tis love, love, love, all thro'.

Again a man and woman

Feeling the old blessed thing;

Better than voices human

A bird on the bough could sing.

Lips and lips to kiss them;

Eyes and eyes to behold;

Hands and hands to press them,

Arms and arms to enfold."

And Jack and Suma were as fond and foolish as though they were boy and girl, and this was the first fact that Cupid had ever aimed at their hearts.

True, a flash of memory, like a stab of pain, would sometimes flash across the woman's mind, but she drove it away with a shiver. This was not the time to remember one whom she had loved before, and of whose unkindness, even brutality, she had a far keener recollection than of any tokens or note of affection that she had received at his hands.

All this was to be forgotten; she told herself so, and tried to forget, but memory is treacherous, and when, two days after her promise to marry him, Jack and she stood before the clergyman who was to conduct the ceremony, she thought she saw the ghastly face of her late husband glaring vindictively upon her.

He did not appear in person, however, to forbid the marriage; indeed, how could he, and as Jack was not troubled with a very lively imagination, and never went half-way to meet grief or misery, he was as happy as it sometimes falls to the lot of mortals to be.

No thought or dread of the future crossed his mind; if there were perils at sea so there were on land. He should take his wife to England and leave her there while he went on his voyages, certain that he should have a bright, cheerful home at all times to return to.

The first doubt as to the wisdom of his choice came over poor Jack just one short week after his marriage and the day before they were to sail for England.

On this morning he had gone out to make some necessary purchases, and coming back he found his wife stretched on a rug on the floor, a rich Indian shawl which as princess might have been proud of wearing serving as a pillow, and a pipe which showed but too clearly what her occupation had been, lying by her side.

Fortunately the baby had rolled from the opium smoker's arms; otherwise it would have been smothered in her embrace.

Jack picked up the crying child, gently covered over the insensible woman, put away the pipe, and rocking the infant in his arms, sat down to think over this new phase of his domestic career.

He had not been deceived; for Suma had asked for opium but the day before she had promised to marry him, therefore if he had thought of it he might have been sure that she was more or less in the habit of taking it.

True, he had not realised the terrible consequences of such a frightful habit, but he had ample leisure to do so now.

Yet painful as it was to him it was well he could

not guess the terrible mental shock the woman lying so motionless before him had sustained ere she sought refuge in temporary oblivion or ecstatic dreams.

Poor Suma, she had her load and burden to carry through life from henceforth—a burden that she must carry in silence, too, lest he who loved her should know and have to bear his share of it.

Hour after hour passed, and at last she awoke, dull, stupid, and half defiant.

But Jack uttered no reproaches.

On the contrary, he was feeding little Loo when Suma opened her eyes; but the moment he heard her stir he turned round with a somewhat strained smile perhaps, and observed:

"I'm glad you're awake, lass; tea's ready; will you get up and have it, or shall I bring it to you?"

"I'll get up. What is the matter with Loo?"

"She's only hungry. So am I, lass; so, if you're going to get up you may as well make haste. Come, you ought to be hungry, too."

"No; I'm only thirsty," and the woman rose to her feet, still in a half-dreamy condition, and staggered to the table, where every preparation had been made for tea.

She said but little, expecting some words of reproach from her husband; but none came, and then she became remorseful, for well she remembered how she had once been awake by kicks and blows from a similar condition, and the contrast struck her more forcibly than the keenest language could ever have done.

A more demonstrative woman would have thrown her arms round her husband's neck and asked his forgiveness, perhaps also have disturbed his peace of mind by telling him of the grief which had driven her to such a resource.

But Suma, wisely perhaps, did nothing of the kind, she only showed her penitence by waiting on him more carefully, attending to his slightest behest, and resolving, never again if she could help it, to indulge in the stupefying drug.

Good resolutions, which help according to some authorities to pave a particularly hot region that shall be nameless.

The next day Suma, Jack, and the child sailed for England. Singularly enough too, it was the very day that Mr. George Gorridge paid his first visit to Drayton Abbey, and was commissioned by Lady Elizabeth to hunt for her late sister's nurse and the child, even if he sought for them all over the world.

Two things, however, if no more, stood in the way of the success of his search.

The first was, that Suma believed the other baby to be dead, hence there was no chance of her seeking Drayton Abbey; and if Mr. Gorridge actually got upon her track he would have some difficulty in identifying the Mrs. Spratt, who with her infant travelled as passengers in the vessel in which her husband was one of the crew, with Suma Wrightson, in whose keeping he more than suspected was the heiress of the Earls of Drayton.

## CHAPTER VI.

"WHAT COULD I HAVE TO SAY THAT WOULD BEKIND."

"Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. BYRON."

Five years after the wreck of the "Lurline." Looking forward, five years is a wondrously long time; glancing back over the same space we often find that but few events stand out prominently, and that those which do so in our lives might often be counted off upon the fingers of one hand, so isolated are they.

At Drayton Abbey things are but slightly changed. Lady Elizabeth is still unmarried, and scarcely shows a sign of added summers on her proud, handsome face.

Mrs. Fish is still her companion, and bids fair to remain so until either of them shall die or get married, and Mrs. Fish, too, has gained more influence than she possessed in olden times, so much so that her son, a lad of twelve or fourteen, is allowed to come to the Abbey to spend his holidays, and on these occasions, with a patience worthy of the son of so scheming a mother, he devotes a great portion of his time to amusing and playing with Miss Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill, the child brought to the Abbey by Captain Speke as the daughter of the lady who had died on board his ship.

All Lady Elizabeth's enquiries regarding Suma and poor Loo have failed in discovering anything.

Mr. Gorridge has made two journeys to America

and back, has drawn several hundreds of pounds for the purpose of carrying on the search, has used every means in his power to discover Suma living or dead, or to get some admission from Lady Elizabeth that she believed the missing child to be her niece instead of the one being brought up as such, and yet all without result. Lady Elizabeth was not to be led to betray herself, not a trace of the nurse could be found, and baffled and savage, Mr. George Gorridge had to sit down for a time and mentally as well as actually bite his nails.

Meanwhile Miss Elizabeth grew and prospered. A pretty, dark-skinned, dark-haired child, with big, black Oriental eyes, regular features, plump, round limbs and childish winning ways, she made the old walls of the Abbey ring again with her merry laughter, or, as sometimes happened, with her shrieks of passion.

For Miss Elizabeth, young as she was, had a temper, one that somewhat frightened her nurse, who on more than one occasion had been obliged to run for Lady Elizabeth as she feared the child might die.

The cause of this fear was, that the young lady, when anything displeased her, would throw herself upon the ground, scream to the utmost extent of her power, then suspend her breath and go blue and black in the face, while her frightened attendants shook and entreated her to speak, trying meanwhile to bend the little limbs that with a sweeter rage had become rigid.

At first Lady Elizabeth was frightened also, but when she found such outbursts of temper a case of common occurrence she took counsel with the doctor, who recommended a course of good hard slaps, with an occasional snake until the small patient recovered, the dose never to be repeated except in extreme cases, and then, to be administered without stint.

A second application of the prescribed cure was the last required, and ever after the mere threat of sending for her aunt was enough to recall the young rebel to her senses before she quite lost all control of herself.

One consequence of this, however, was, that a certain awe and fear of her aunt, added singularly enough to a desire to be like her, filled the child's mind; she was the only person for whom she had anything like reverence, without affection, while for all the others who came in contact with her, Mrs. Fish included, she had a contemptuous feeling of superiority which she never for a moment tried to hide.

This was the result of an injudicious observation which Mrs. Fish had one day made in her hearing, to the effect that after Lady Elizabeth she would own the Abbey, and be the first lady in the county.

Odd ideas to take root in the mind of a child at such an early age, but Miss Elizabeth was precocious beyond her years, and picked up with wonderful rapidity expressions and ideas such as would somewhat have astonished her aunt had she known of them.

And all this time Captain Fitz-Howard Hill had not been to Drayton Abbey. Indeed, he shrank from visiting the place where he had wooed and won his fair young wife, and on the conclusion of peace, greatly to Lady Elizabeth's annoyance, he had started off with a party of men on an expedition into the interior of Africa; without so much as once running down to Drayton to see his child and his sister-in-law.

Now, however, he is really coming to what might, if he chooses, be his home, and Lady Elizabeth is more anxious than she cares to admit, while Mrs. Fish, watching her narrowly, and washing her white, plump hands with invisible soap and impenetrable water, thus a random shot by observing:

"I wonder when the Bill legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister will be passed; to me the present law seems alike absurd and unjust."

"Does it?" was the calm reply; "I don't agree with you. If the Bill became law it would destroy one of the pleasantest relationships in life, without giving anything satisfactory in exchange for it; I hope you are not anxious to marry your brother-in-law, Mrs. Fish."

"I! Oh, dear no! One husband is enough for any woman. I don't approve of widows marrying again."

"Ah! you reserve that privilege for widowers, I see; very disinterested of you. May I trouble you to answer those notes of invitation for me? you will find them on the writing-table."

"Certainly, dear; what shall I say?"

"Decline them all."

"All?" repeated the companion, for she herself was included in one.

"Yes, all; I don't feel inclined until I know what Charles intends to do; he will arrive to-morrow."

Against this there could be no protest and Miss

Fish had to comply, though she sighed over her task visiting and receiving visits being about the only dissipation which she and Lady Elizabeth ever indulged in, for the latter never went to London for the season, and when she took her autumnal trip to the seaside some quiet secluded nook was always selected instead of some noisy, fashionable watering place, such as the companion would have much preferred.

Lady Elizabeth was restless this day; to-morrow she should know if her suspicions were correct, if the child brought to her from the sea was the daughter of her sister, or a strange bird dropped into another's nest; and she smiled with stern satisfaction to think that no one could accuse her of wishing to grasp her late sister's inheritance, or of throwing the shadow of a doubt upon the paternity of the child brought to her.

Yet for all this she could not be quiet, and as the day went on the heat of the house seemed to become intolerable, and she hastily put on a hat, threw a lace shawl over her shoulders, and went out through the pleasure gardens into the park.

For some time she wandered about, a feeling which she could never describe or analyse urging her onward, until she came to the extreme limit of the park, and she was about to return and retrace her steps, when a voice that sent a thrill through her whole being, making her start and tremble, said

"Lizzie, have you come?"

"Who? Who are you?" she faltered, utterly unnerved and clutching the branch of a tree for support.

"Need I answer the question? Don't you know me?" was the reply.

"Yes, I know you," she said, after a pause; "but why are you here? Was not our last parting final?"

"It seems not," was the scornful retort; "people don't die as pleasure now-a-days, Lizzie, if they did I should have been buried long ago; have you nothing kinder to say to me after ten years of absence?"

"What could I have to say that would be kind? Can I forget where you have been? or why you have been absent?" she asked, bitterly.

"And yet I tell you, Lizzie, as I told you when we parted, I am innocent of the crime for which I was transported."

"And suppose you are. Does that narrow the gulf between us, or cease to make our paths separate through life? Had you been generous and manly as you once were, you would never have tried to meet me again."

"Your pride says that, Elizabeth, not your heart. When I learnt that you, the most beautiful woman in the county, were still unmarried, could I help believing it was for my sake, or could I resist coming here and willing that you should meet me?"

"Is it necessary that I should throw myself into the arms of another man to prove to you that death itself could not more surely divide us than your crime or misfortune, whichever it may be, has done?" she demanded, sternly; "will nothing less satisfy you? Must I give this crowning refutation to your imbecility? Speak the word and within three months I will satisfy you."

It was the man's turn to shrink. Suddenly his self-assurance seemed to leave him; pale and thin as his face was, it became still paler, and he said in a pleading, deprecating tone:

"Surely you would not do that, Lizzie."

"I would and will if you annoy me any more," she returned, passionately. "I have much to urge me to such a step of which you know nothing, and if, as seems possible, I am to have no peace from you I will take it."

Her eyes flashed as she spoke, her majestic figure seemed to dilate with imperial dignity, and the man who looked upon her felt his heart sink to see the indomitable and perilous resolution expressed upon her countenance.

"Elizabeth, for Heaven's sake don't talk like that," he exclaimed, hastily. "I have been the cause of too much pain and grief to you already. I will go anywhere you like, do anything you like; only say, if I can prove my innocence, and how I have been falsely condemned, will there be any hope for me?"

"No, never!" she replied, distinctly. "I promised my father on his death-bed that I would never marry a man convicted of felony. Your name was not mentioned, but you were the person implied, I told him likewise that probably I should never marry, nor shall I unless you drive me to do so; but at the risk of our race becoming extinct he exacted the vow, and I gave it. Go away now, Ralph, and let each of us forget that the other lives. It must be so."

Though her voice softened, her face never relaxed into tenderness, evidently she wished to be kind,

wished him to understand that she loved him as she ever had done, but a barrier which no earthly power could remove divided them, and he must recognise and accept it.

"You are a very proud woman, Elizabeth," he said, coming nearer and standing but a pace or two from her.

"Yes," she returned dreamily, "I am proud, and I am true to my word, whether to the living or to the dead. But let us end this scene, Ralph, and let it be the last. Good-bye for ever."

She extended her hand calmly, as she might have done to an ordinary acquaintance, but he caught it eagerly, covered it with kisses, and would have thrown his arms round her, but she repelled him with dignity.

"No," she said, firmly. "You brought me here by your power of will, you say, but if it were so it was because I knew not of your presence in England, and I was thinking of other things and people; you will not influence me again in the same manner. Once more, good-bye."

So saying she bowed to him with stately dignity, and turned away, walking like a queen in her own domain, and as the man watched her he felt in his heart truly that for him there was no hope.

And Lady Elizabeth walked with a firm and stately step back to the Abbey. Yea, though her heart was breaking she would give no sign of pain, but when locked in the privacy of her own room the mask was thrown off and she grovelled on the floor, as miserable a woman as any to be found in the three kingdoms.

But the next morning she was cold, calm and impassive, and a trifle pale, waiting the arrival of her brother-in-law, on whose decision might rest the fate of the family.

(To be Continued.)

#### ADVICE TO THE REJECTED.

'Tis galling, doubtless, when Love's chain  
We feel, to know 'tis worn in vain;  
To learn that no responsive thrill  
The heart we yearn for e'er can fill.

Yet Time's blest balm oft can remove  
The pang of unrequited love;  
Few wounds from Cupid's shots arise  
This balsam will not cicatrize.

Therefore, pray don't, ye loving swains,  
If you're refused, blow out your brains,  
Or take, when fair ones prove morose  
Of Paris green, the fatal dose.

Designs self-slaught'rous forego,  
Your craniums leave in statu quo;  
'Tis abject folly, beyond question,  
To spoil for love brains or digestion.

Recall the axiom of renown  
In most school copy-books writ down,  
That fish may in the sea be caught  
As good as any e'er pulled out.

Or if, since your first Dulcinea  
Prove cold, you shun all pretty dears;  
And cheated in your dearest hopes,  
Towards the whole sex turn misanthropes;

Pray try that rôle, 'tis not a wise one,  
But better than with ball or "pison,"  
To make in suicidal fury  
Sad work for coroner and jury. W. R. B.

#### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

##### THE DRAMA.

##### ADELPHI THEATRE.

PANTOMIME at Midsummer! Cherries at Christmas! Though these be rarities yet, if they be of good quality their unexpected advent enhances their value. It may, however, reconcile some people who deem innovation to inform them that a summer pantomime is not a novelty, but merely a revived theatrical custom, and that, in the old and flourishing

days of Sadler's Wells, of Astley's, and the other over-the-water theatre of which Fitzgerald, "the small-beer poet," sings—

"'Twas called the Circus once, but now the Surrey,"

they brought out a pantomime about this time, or a little earlier. Mr. Chatterton, therefore, has warrant for his "happy thought" in presenting yet another "children's pantomime" at this holiday season, and "The Old Boy," who writes himself down as its author, has capitally refurbished and regenerated the pretty nursery legend of "Little Red Riding Hood." There is little difficulty in identifying "The Old Boy" with the talented old gentleman whom we have known for more years than we should like to mention as "Young Blanchard," and to whom we owe some scores of the best Christmas pieces at Old Drury and elsewhere. The neat dialogue, quaint conceits, and innocent playfulness of the quips and cranks scattered thickly through the piece found apt expression by the talented juvenile company, of which Miss Emily Gratton (Rose De l'Amour), and Master H. Gratton (the peasant Bonbon, her lover), Master Napier Barry (the wicked Baron Malvoisin), Miss Louise Neville (Little Red Riding Hood's mother), Miss Ada Blanche (the Wizard), Miss Annie Cooper (the Grandmamma), Miss Kate Abrahams (Pomona, the Fairy Queen), and Miss Lizzie Seymour (Corneygrain, the miller), are the leading members. These are named as the chief "actors," or rather speakers of the juvenile troupe; but the dancers and pantomimists are as excellent in their way. The grace and agility of Nonpareil (the Infant Cerito), chief piper to the Fairy Queen, of the two Harlequins, Misses C. Giechriat and Bella Goward, and the two Columbines, Carry Coote and Martha Taylor, are simply and purely delightful. Masters Walter Meadows and Harry Wilson, as pantalons, and Alfred West and Bertie Coote as clowns, reproduce, "in little," the Barnes and Paul Herring, the Grimaldi and Matthews of a past generation. Master Bertie Coote, as clown, sings in the drollest style Tom Matthews's renowned "Balfie song."

##### GAIETY THEATRE.

EXBURT Monsieur et Madame, enter the English company; such was the stage direction for Saturday and Monday at the Gaiety, and with it the rush of English audiences was recommenced through its portals, south, north and east. Gay were the greetings at the Gaiety as Miss E. Farren, Miss Vaughan, Miss Emily Muir, Miss Rayne, Miss West, Mrs. Leigh, Mr. Terry, Mr. Royce, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Fawcett and other favourites successively renewed their acquaintance with the audience. The pieces presented were two of Byron's—first the comedy, "Weak Woman," originally produced at the Strand Theatre, and then the burlesque of "The Bohemian G'yril." Mr. Terry in the first renewed his famous rôle of Captain Ginger, and Miss Evelyn Rayne made a most successful first appearance in the character of Lilian Gaythorne, Cousin Helen being admirably played by Miss Emily Muir. Dr. Fleming and Mrs. Gunn found most amusing exponents in Mr. Maclean and Mrs. Leigh, and Mr. Fawcett's Arthur Medwyn, Mr. Crutwell's Edward, and eminently Mr. Royce's Tootle were exquisitely funny. In short, this excellent and whimsical piece went capitally. The crowning merriment, however, was excited by the broad fun of "The Bohemian G'yril," in which Miss E. Farren showed no trace of her recent illness in Thaddeus, but was brimming over with comic spirit, and with Mr. Terry (Devilshoof) kept the fun full to overflowing. Mr. Royce, with a make-up as "Count Smiff" that was "quite a caution," carried burlesque misery to its summit. Kate Vaughan (what an actress our ci-devant agile dancer has made!) acted Arline with charming archness, and Miss Amelia was stupidly diverting as Florestan. The Gipsy Queen (with some capital dancing) fell to Miss W. West, and the dresses, decorations and appointments were rich, splendid, and tasteful.

THE attraction at the Standard is the powerful drama of "The Scuttled Ship," which has been reproduced by the Messrs. Douglass with the most startling scenic effects.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, it is understood, will be opened in September for a series of winter concerts.

THE Globe Theatre is doing good business with "The Husband's Secret," "Stolen Kisses," and "The Lion's Tail."

THE Strand is closed until next month.





[ "GONE, GONE, GONE!" ]

## THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THAT was a glorious morning, as I said, in the golden month of October.

Susan had risen very early, and was already in the kitchen when Amphy arrived.

The face of the old creature was all aglow as she entered, exclaiming:

"Mornin' to yer, honey! Mornin'."

"Why, mother Amphy, you look as overjoyed as if somebody had left you a fortune," said Susan.

"Better an' dat, honey; please my Heableny master, it is, chile; better an' dat. Miss Barbara 'riv'—come out'n here an' let me show you a beautiful sight."

Susan followed her through the hall and out at the front door, where she stopped and stood upon the old rickety porch, while Amphy pointed out at sea, exclaiming:

"Dar; what you tink o' dat?"

Susan's glance followed the direction of the black finger, and lighted upon a pretty craft, anchored off the Headland.

"Dar, what you say now! don't she look like a white swan, dough, a sittin' on de water, dat Miss Barbara's vessel," cried Amphy, exultingly.

"But, how do you know it is Miss Barbara's?" asked Susan.

"How I know? de Lor! how I know anything? by the quincequonoes, caze no oder wessel any call to anker here 'cept 'tis de Brande's."

And she was right; for even while she spoke a boat was lowered from the vessel, entered by a party, and rowed rapidly toward the beach below the Headland.

"Dar, now; ole as my eyes is, I can see dat's Miss Barbara in de stern, and dat boy's little Marser Edwy, and dem der oarsmen is our own sonnies. But who be dat sponshous lookin' gemman as Mistress Barbara's got long o' her? Honey, you look, you's got younger eyes nor me."

Susan looked, and with astonishment and affright turned away.

"Why, what de mischief de matter wid you, honey?"

"I'm cold," said Susan, shortly, turning into the house.

She had seen Lord Montessor in the boat. Lord Montessor was approaching the shore!

She went immediately to her mistress's door and listened.

All was silent in that chamber. She turned the latch and entered softly.

Lady Montessor was lying—with her arms thrown up over her head, and her black hair escaped from her little lace cap, and flowing over the pillow—in that deep and heavy sleep, that in the morning often visits the mourner, who has waked and wept all night.

"I will not call her, trouble will come soon enough. That emperor was an idiot who directed his courtiers never to wake except it was to hear bad news. Bad news is always too fast in travelling—we needn't hurry to meet it. Though why the intelligence of Lord Montessor's arrival should be considered bad news, I do not know," thought Susan, as she went to her own room to "smarten" herself up.

After putting on her little cap and silk apron she went out into the hall, expecting that by this time the party from the boat had landed.

She was correct—the party was ascending the bluff; but, arrived at its summit, they paused and talked a few moments, and then separated.

Lord Montessor, attended by the boy Edwy, and followed by his groom with the guns and game-bags, took the narrow path leading into the deep woods toward Neptune's cabin. And Barbara Brande, attended by young Nep, came up toward the house.

Old Amphy, who was impatiently waiting for her approach, now set off in a run to meet her. At any other time Susan might have been convulsed with laughter, at seeing this aged octogenarian trotting off, with her head thrown back, her elbows acute, and every step showing the whole broad sole of her shoeleather foot.

It was a pleasant sight to see Barbara's handsome, ruddy countenance break into a cordial smile of greeting as she put out both her hands to grasp those of her affectionate old servant.

Then they came on talking together till they reached the dilapidated porch where Susan stood waiting.

"How do you do, Susan? I hope your lady is well," said Barbara, kindly offering her hand to the girl.

"My lady is just about as well as usual, ma'am; but I don't know as it would be quite convenient to

her ladyship to receive visitors—especially gentlemen," replied Susan, who, however unjustly and unreasonably, seemed to consider Miss Brande a sort of traitress in having sprung Lord Montessor upon the Headland.

"Nevertheless, I think she will not be displeased to see me," said Barbara, good-humoredly. "Let her know that I have come, my girl."

"She is not yet risen, ma'am, or even awake."

"True, indeed, I had not reflected that it is yet very early. Well, my girl, your lady expects me, will you let me pass into the house?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, ma'am!" exclaimed Susan, blushing at the unconscious rudeness of which she had been guilty, and springing aside to let Miss Brande pass.

"Susan, come with me, my girl. A part of my business here is to open some secret closets that you would never find out, and offer their contents—stores of West India sweetmeats, pickles, spices, cordials and so on—to your mistress, if she will favour me by accepting them. And I had rather deliver them up to you, now, while she sleeps and you are at leisure, for when she wakes I presume she will require your attendance at her toilet, and after she is dressed she will probably wish to see me," said Barbara, leading the way into the parlour.

"Decidedly," thought Susan, "my lady had little need to draw her funds from the banker's. These savages here will support her! The black ones furnish game, and the white ones supply the sweetmeats. In fact, I begin to like these barbarians," she concluded, as she followed Miss Brande into the parlour.

Barbara went to the side of the fireplace, touched a spring, and what seemed an oak panel flew open, revealing one of those deep, hidden closets so frequently found in old-fashioned country houses, and whose shelves were here laden with rows above rows of canisters, jars, and bottles, all filled with imported luxuries and hermetically sealed.

"Here! this cupboard contains the sweetmeats and cordials," said Barbara, taking out a tin canister and a bottle which she placed upon a chair, and before reclosing the panel.

Then she went to the other side of the mantelpiece, and opened a corresponding closet similarly furnished.

"This one contains the potted, spiced meats, and the pickles," she said, taking down two jars and placing them on the chair beside the bottle and the

canister, and then shutting the panel, she turned to Susan and said:

"The contents of these cupboards are most freely at your lady's service, if she will accept them; and now you know the secret of opening the doors."

"Decidedly I do like these barbarians," thought Susan.

Then aloud she answered:  
"I thank you very much, indeed, Miss Brande. There is my mistress's bell. I must go to her. Pray make yourself at home, Miss Brande. My mistress, I know, will be very happy to see you; and breakfast will be ready in a short time."

"I thank you, I breakfasted on board the vessel. Don't let me detain you from Mrs. Estel."

"Mrs. Estel! She still calls her 'Mrs. Estel'! I wonder if she is in ignorance that my lady bears another name!" thought Susan, whose mind was still in the deepest perplexity.

But before she could satisfy herself upon this point she was startled by the second ringing of her lady's bell, and hurried away to obey its summons.

Barbara Brande called her old servant, Amphy, who had been lingering in the hall, and acceded her for going bare-footed in the middle of October.

"De Lord! Miss Barbra, chile, I likes to have my fat cool on de soft groun'."

"Yes, your foot will be cool in the soft ground, if you go on so," said Barbara.

"I gwine stop of it, honey, 'deed I is."

"If you don't it will stop you—that's all. Now here—here are some goodies to comfort you and your old man these coming winter evenings," said Miss Brande, giving her the canister, bottle and jar. And in the boat below you will find some winter clothing and some flannels rolled up together."

"Yes, honey—yes. Yes, chile, many thanks to you; and I'll tend to it."

"Where is the old man?"

"Come down to de boat to see de boys, chile. 'Deed is de ole angel, honey!"

Meanwhile Susan had passed into Lady Montessor's room.

"Susan, my girl, whose voice was that I heard in the parlour?" said her ladyship.

"Miss Barbara Brande's, my lady."

"Ah, she has come, then?"

"Yes, my lady, this morning at sunrise."

"I believe I will rise, Susan, for I shall be glad to see Miss Brande."

"Yes, madame," replied Susan, so gravely that Lady Montessor looked at her, and observing for the first time her troubled expression of countenance, exclaimed:

"Why, Susan, what is the matter with you, my girl?"

"Miss Barbara did not come alone, my lady!"

"Miss Barbara did not come alone? Well, I really do not suppose she did—but what of that?"

"A great deal, dear lady."

"Good Heavens! Susan, what do you mean?"

"Dear Lady Montessor, did the possibility never occur to you that he who traced us from Exeter to Baltimore might even trace us from Baltimore here?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Oh, Heaven of Heavens, no! Do not say that, Susan! Do not tell me that Lord Montessor has followed us hither?" exclaimed the lady, in an extremity of distress.

"I wish, dear madame, that I could say so; but that wouldn't alter the facts; his lordship landed with Miss Brande this morning."

"Oh, fate, fate! Oh, fate, fate!" cried Lady Montessor, wringing her hands.

"Yes, fate! It is just fate! and it is no use to struggle against it, dear lady! I would not try if I were you! I would just yield!" exclaimed Susan, who could never be brought to relinquish the hope that her lady might be persuaded to return to England, and to all the fancied advantages of her social position.

"Be silent on that subject, Susan. Oh, angels in Heaven, how shall I meet this new demand on my firmness? Susan, where is his lordship?"

"That is the wonderful part of it, my lady! I could easily guess that he might have followed us here, but that after landing, without coming near the house, he should take his servant and his guns and go off to the woods for a day's shooting is what I cannot comprehend at all."

"And it is what his lordship would never do if he knew of our presence and had followed us hither! There is more mystery here, Susan. It is just possible that he has not followed us—yet, even in that case, it is scarcely possible that he can escape discovering us."

"Ah! my dear lady, if he does not yet know of your presence here it would be very easy to conceal

ourselves from his knowledge, except for one thing."

"And what is that?"

"Your name, dear lady—your name, Mrs. Estel! Ah! if you had only called yourself Mrs. Thompson or Mrs. Smith."

"Ah, but my girl, neither of these names was mine; while that by which I am known is my baptismal name, and the only one that I am certain of having a claim upon, and the only one that in wearing I shall do no injury to another," said the lady, mournfully.

Susan sighed, and looked into that troubled countenance with the wish—with the prayer that she herself could only bear a portion of her lady's burden of sorrow.

"Assist me to rise, my girl, and hand me my dressing-gown and slippers. There; thank you. Now go and give my respects to Miss Brande, and request her to come hither," said Lady Montessor, as she slipped on her morning-gown, and put her feet in her shoes, and sank into the one plain arm-chair.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

As soon as Susan had closed the door behind her Lady Montessor dropped her face into her hands, and sigh after sigh, and groan after groan, burst from her overcharged bosom.

"Oh, Montessor! Oh, my lord! my dear lord! Oh, woe is me, that I must put far away from my parched lips this draught of joy that would be as the waters of life to my thirsting and famished soul. Oh, woe is me, Lord Montessor, that I must deceive and wound your loving, trusting nature; that I must turn from the light, and life, and warmth you bring me, and bury myself alive in the darkness and coldness of this my living grave; for how long, great Heaven, how long! I am so young—I shall live so many years; how shall I bear this living death, oh, spirits in Heaven, how shall I bear it! Will my heart break? Will my brain turn? Will death come and end my anguish? I cannot tell. I do not know; but better any fate, any suffering for me, than that reproach should come to your noble name, my lord. And after all—in my bitter, bitter cup—there is a single sweet drop, the thought that I suffer for you, even as I would die for you. Yet if I could see you but for one moment to-day, could feel my poor hand clasped in your dear hand for one instant, could meet one glance of your eyes—what life—what life would thrill again to my dying heart. Oh, heart be still! be strong! this must not be! we must not meet again! Oh, heart, learn the heroism of silent endurance!"

While she thus lamented and struggled with herself there was a rap at the chamber door.

"Now I shall hear of him," she said, as with a supreme effort she controlled her emotion, steadied her voice, and bade the rapper "Come in."

Barbara Brande opened the door and entered. But the traces of extreme suffering were still so strongly marked upon Lady Montessor's fine countenance that Barbara, instead of the smiling greeting she had been about to offer, started back in alarm, exclaiming:

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Estel, are you ill?"

"Yes—and no, Miss Brande. Come in and close the door, for I wish to speak with you—confidentially."

Barbara in perplexity obeyed.

"Draw your chair close beside me, if you please, Miss Brande, for I must speak low."

Barbara, feeling more and more embarrassed, complied.

"Do you know, Miss Brande, that I regret exceedingly not having given you my full confidence before leaving Baltimore?"

"I should have felt honoured in your confidence, madame," said Barbara, with increasing surprise.

"At least you would have justified it, no doubt."

"I should not be undeserving of your faith, Mrs. Estel."

"I am sure of it. But I am called by another name besides Estel."

"Madame!"

"Do not look, or speak in this way, my dear Miss Brande, or you will repel the confidence I wish so much to give you," said Lady Montessor, in a voice, and with a look of such hopeless misery, that Barbara's heart was touched, and she said very gently:

"Speak, then, madame; I will not be unworthy of your confidence. Your name you said was not Estel."

"No—I said that I was called by another name besides that. Estel is really my name, else I should not certainly have called myself by it; but it is my baptismal—not my surname. I am known in the world as the Viscountess Montessor."

"The Viscountess Montessor! Good Heaven!" exclaimed Barbara, in amazement.

"And you did not suspect this?"

"No, madame, by my sacred honour, I did not."

"And yet, he who conferred upon me his name and title was your passenger to this place, landed here with you this morning?"

"That is very true, madame. Lord Montessor engaged passage for himself and two servants, in my vessel, for Havana, and his lordship came ashore this morning for a day's sport in the woods—that is all that I know. I am completely mystified, my lady," said Miss Brande, in augmented astonishment.

"Do you think, Miss Brande," inquired Lady Montessor, with a look of deep interest, "that his lordship knows or suspects the identity of the party to whom you have let your house?"

"I do not know, madame, since it is not impossible that he, also, may have concealed something from me; but I should judge from appearances that he knew nothing of your ladyship's presence in the neighbourhood."

"Forgive the necessity that compels me to question you, Miss Brande, and pray tell me, did you ever mention to his lordship the name of the lessee of your property?"

"No, madame, I never did."

"Then I will beseech you never to do it; for, if once Lord Montessor heard the name of 'Estel' it would furnish him with the only clue he needs to my identity and retreat."

"Forgive me, in your turn, dear lady, but this is very inexplicable."

"Ah! it is so indeed, to you! And I appear to invite your faith without giving you my confidence. Is it not so? Well, I will explain; and you, if you have patience, will hear a sorrowful story. But first," said Lady Montessor, even in this anxious hour considerate of the convenience of others, "have you breakfasted?"

"Yes, madame."

"And can you give me half an hour?"

"I am at Lady Montessor's service for half the day, if she will command me," said Barbara, who felt her heart painfully attracted to her interesting tenant.

"Listen, then, Miss Brande. Do you ever see the English papers?"

"Seldom, or never, my lady."

"Then you have seen no account of a wretched Englishwoman of rank, who was struck in her pride of place—struck at her highest culmination of fortune and happiness—struck down, down, down, to a bottomless pit of black dishonour and despair! You have heard of no such woman?"

"No, no, no; great Heaven, no!" exclaimed Barbara, shuddering.

"Look at her, then, Miss Brande. She stands before you," said Lady Montessor, rising, and fixing her eyes upon the shocked face of Barbara.

"No, no, no; mercy no! You would not have been that guilty one, my lady," exclaimed Barbara, covering her face with her hands; to smother the sight of that pale and spectral countenance and those gleaming black eyes that seemed to consume those upon whom they looked.

"I said a wretched, not a guilty woman. A wretchedness and guilt synonymous? If so, then indeed am I a very guilty, being a very wretched woman," said Lady Montessor, in a thrilling, impassioned voice.

"Pardon me, my lady, if I have not understood you," replied Barbara, with emotion.

"How should you, indeed, until you hear? Attend, then, Miss Brande, and I will tell you my story," said the lady, sinking again into her seat.

And while Barbara Brande heard with painful interest, Lady Montessor related the tragic history of her two marriages, and ended by declaring the motives that had induced her to withdraw herself from Lord Montessor's knowledge.

Barbara listened with a face often streaming with tears, and when she had heard all, she took the lady's wasted hand and said:

"He weighs nothing in the balance of his love for you?"

"Nothing."

"Neither rank, nor wealth, nor fame?"

"No; alas, no!"

"He stood nobly by you in your trial?"

"He did, he did; my dear and honoured lord! he did!"

"He followed you across the ocean?"

"Yes, yes."

"And he is still in pursuit of you?"

"He is, Oh, he is."

"Then, Lady Montessor, how can you still elude him? The man who claimed you, even had his claim been ever so just, is now no more; there is not the shadow of a reason why you should fly so



faithful a friend as Lord Montessor has shown himself to be."

"His honour, Miss Brande. His honour should forbid him to mate with one so wretched as myself."

"A man's honour, my lady, is, according to my judgment, in his own exclusive keeping, and cannot be injured by anything but guilt or folly."

"But the honour of the woman with whom Lord Montessor mates should be like that of Cæsar's wife, 'not only pure but unsuspected,'" said the lady. "Therefore have I withdrawn myself from him and renounced his name. Therefore, though my heart should break, my brain madden, or my life go down to death in the pain of this continued effort—will I conceal myself from his pursuit, until worn out with waiting and with searching, he shall at last repudiate and forget me."

"And you can coolly resolve to drive him to that?" exclaimed Barbara.

"Coolly? Miss Brande? Oh, look at me and say if you think I do this coolly. No, no; no, no! but he must be constrained to have that fatal ceremony that passed between us at the parish church at Hyde snubbed by Parliament. And he must ally himself to some lady—his equal in position and of unblemished honour."

"Lady Montessor, if I have read his lordship's character aright, he can never do that."

"He can and must! he owes it to his family, to his position, to his rising fame."

"Lady Montessor, you also are influenced by a worldly education. You have evinced all the prejudices of caste. You think entirely too much of 'family,' position, and 'fame,' more than Lord Montessor does by half. I tell you, that next to duty, 'love is the greatest good in the world; and Lord Montessor knows it. Oh, madame, how can you disregard the great love he bears you?" said Barbara pleadingly.

"I disregard it—oh, Heaven!" exclaimed the lady, growing paler than before.

"I see you do not really do so. I see the struggle in your mind. Oh, madame, yield to your simpler and better nature. Make him and yourself happy. Come, let me send into the forest and bring him here to plead his own cause," prayed Barbara, with earnest eloquence.

"Miss Brande, no! If you would not have me die before you—no! You do not know what you ask. You do not appreciate to how much of humiliation an alliance with me would subject him at home. You do not know England."

"Then what can I do for you? And why have you unceasingly harrowed me with this terrible story?" demanded Barbara, more in sorrow than in anger at what her simple, honest, straightforward nature looked upon as the unnecessary self-torturing of a morbid fastidiousness.

"Not to distress you needlessly, Miss Brande; but since Lord Montessor has not yet discovered the clue to my retreat, to beseech your assistance in still concealing it from him. And this assistance that I pray is only of a negative character, only your forbearance, only that you refrain from mentioning in his presence the name of your tenant, Miss Brande, will you oblige me in this matter?"

"I will be guided by your wishes, Lady Montessor."

"Another thing I must entreat—that you will never call me ag in 'Lady Montessor!' nor think of me as the wife of Lord Montessor. It is a name and a position that I have renounced. Nay, that I am not even sure that I ever had a just right to wear. For, look you, when I left England the question of the legality of my childish marriage was still pending before the Spiritual Court of Arches. And law is such an uncertain thing, you know, that the decision of the bench of Bishops may have been different and quite opposite to that opinion advanced by the first lawyer of the day, Lord Dazzle-right; who denied the validity of the first marriage, and affirmed the legality of the second. Therefore, you perceive that the only name to which I feel sure of possessing an unquestioned claim is that one bestowed upon me in baptism, and which marriage does not change—Estelle—call me Mrs. Estel."

"I will do so, since you wish it, madame. May He comfort you and guide you through your very trying path, for I begin to see now that in one respect you are right," said Barbara, with earnestness, "for as long as there exists the slightest question of the perfect legality of that ceremony that passed between yourself and his lordship, you can as a Christian do no otherwise than reserve yourself—Baron Dazzle-right and Parson Oldfield to the contrary notwithstanding. Upon this subject, a pure-hearted woman's instinct is worth all the legal opinions and theological dogmas in the world. You are right, dear lady, and in your painful adherence to right I see the brightest hope of your coming years."

"Ay, of my life in another state of existence; and that seems to hearts—yearning hearts of flesh—so distant and so vague."

"No; I spoke of your coming years in this world. 'Godliness is profitable unto all things—having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.' Wait patiently for the Lord—He can lift you out of this 'horrible pit,' this 'mily clay,' and set your 'feet upon the rock.'"

There was something in the strong, earnest, cheerful faith of this noble girl, who had herself received so terrible a shock, that cheered and strengthened and inspired the mourning woman to whom she spoke.

Estelle had always had strength to suffer, but now the cordial clasp of Barbara's hand, the earnest tones of her voice, the cheerful confidence of her promise, gave the sufferer strength to hope.

Feeling now that she would best serve Lady Montessor by withdrawing and leaving her to take repose or refreshment, Barbara, renewing her promises to keep Lord Montessor away from the house, took leave.

Estelle sank upon her knees beside the bed, and burying her face in the bedclothes, prayed.

Presently Susan came in with breakfast, which she inferred that her lady would choose upon this morning to have served in her chamber.

At Susan's earnest entreaty Lady Montessor compelled herself to swallow a little coffee and a morsel of bread and jelly; and then pushed the waiter from her sight, and turned away.

"Close the front door; keep the house dark and quiet; I will, after a while, go into the front parlour and sit by the window, where, without being seen, I may look out upon the sea," said the lady, as she dismissed her attendant.

What a long, weary, trying day! Barbara Brande went over the house and over the ground, in consultation with Lady Montessor's maid upon various matters relating to repairs and alterations that required their mutual care.

Lord Montessor, accompanied by little Edwy, and attended by his groom, with the dogs and guns, remained far and wide through the woods behind the Headland.

Estelle, having looked the parlour doors, sat at the front window, and, shielded from outside view by the closed Venetian blinds, gazed through their slats, watching the sea-coast, if haply she could catch one glimpse of the "one loved form."

How long and patiently she sat and waited for that single transitory moment of painful joy. As the day waned, and the sun declined, and the lights and shadows changed, she sank into a kneeling posture before the window, and with clasped hands resting upon its sill, and her chin leaned upon them, she continued to gaze through the bars out upon the darkening coast and upon the sea, still bright in the reflection of the last rays of the setting sun.

At length, just as she was beginning to fear that she should not see him before the evening grew too dark far her to identify his form, her patience was rewarded.

A party emerged from the woods off to her right, and foremost among them she recognised his well-known, commanding form, clothed in a hunting-suit of green, with the game-bug at his side, the fowling-piece across his shoulder, and two pointers at his feet.

Behind him came the boy, the old negro, and the groom, all heavily laden with game. He paused upon the same spot whereon in the morning he had parted with his shipmates—he paused and turned his fine face towards the house—toward the very window whereat she knelt and gazed!

Oh! could he but have known who watched behind those green blinds—but evidently he knew not—suspected not the near proximity of her whom he so eagerly sought, and who at this very moment, from behind those blinds, gazed upon him in such passionate love and prayerful sorrow.

He called the old negro to his side, and selecting what seemed to be the best specimens from each bunch of game, tied them together, put them in the hands of Neptune, and pointed toward the house.

Old Neptune touched his hat and turned to come up the hill, and Lord Montessor continued his course down the steep until he was lost to her sight.

Then her strength utterly gave way. "It is over! it is over!" she cried, and sank swooning to the ground.

When she recovered her consciousness it was quite dark; recollection slowly returned, bringing its accompaniment of anguish.

She arose upon her elbow, passed her hand before her face to put away the trailing black tresses of her hair, and looked around.

The moonlight gleaming through the slats of the closed shutters was the only object that attracted

her attention. She went and opened the door and sank down on the floor with her head resting, as before upon the window-sill, gazing out at sea.

There, on the moonlit waters, like some fair, white-winged bird, floated the vessel that contained all she loved on earth. She could not choose but kneel there with her breaking heart, praying for him, gazing after him.

She was interrupted by a gentle rap at the door—not of the parlour, but of the chamber. She arose and feely crossed both rooms, and laid her hand upon the latch just as the voice of Susan spoke softly:

"Are you awake, dear lady?"

For reply, she opened the door and admitted her attendant.

"Dear madame, how long and soundly you must have slept! Here I have been to the door three times since sunset, and found all quiet," said the girl, who had no suspicion that her mistress had lain an hour in a swoon.

As Lady Montessor made no comment, Susan said:

"Miss Brande is in the hall waiting to bid you good-bye, my lady, as she returns on board of her vessel to-night."

"Ask her to come in," said Estelle, in a voice so hollow that Susan started with the impression that it was the graveyard spectre that spoke close to her ear.

Recovering her self-possession she went out to obey, and soon returned, bringing lights and preceding Miss Brande. Susan set the lights down, handed a chair to the visitor, and retired.

"You have seen him this evening, Miss Brande?"

"No, dear lady, I have not. He remained in the forest until sunset, when he returned and went immediately on board of the ship. I have been on the premises here all day and so have not seen him."

"I think we may be sure now that I am safe from discovery."

"Yes, madame, for he evinces no curiosity about my lady tenant, although having been engaged in shooting through her woods, he has very properly sent her a fine bunch of game. Old Neptune brought it."

As Barbara had only come to say "Good-bye," and as she was in haste to return to her vessel, she took leave of Lady Montessor, and with sincere prayers for her consolation and happiness, prepared to depart.

She had not gone many steps from the room, however, before the plaintive voice of the lady recalled her.

"Miss Brande, forgive me, but at what hour do you sail?"

"At sunrise, to-morrow morning, madame."

"Thank you. May Heaven send you a happy voyage."

"And you—peace and consolation, lady."

And so they parted.

That evening Lady Montessor, scarcely having tasted her supper, soon dismissed her attendant, and closed herself up in her two rooms.

And when the house was still she went and sat at the window, looking out at sea, and watching the white sails of the vessel that bore within its bulwarks her beloved.

Hour after hour she sat there, until the moon sank below the horizon, leaving the earth and sea in utter darkness.

Then she arose and paced the floor of that desolate room, hour after hour, until the dawn of morning faintly appeared in the east.

Then again she seated herself at the window, and with her head resting heavily upon her hand, she watched until the brightening day once more, for a few moments, gave the sails of the departing vessel to her longing eyes.

And she watched that vessel,—treasuring every moment that she might yet behold it—as we watch a beloved and dying face that we feel must soon vanish from our sight for ever.

She watched it until she saw the sails shaken out of their reefs, and other sails hoisted, and all draw and fill with the wind as the "Petrel" left her anchorage and glided gracefully over the waters in her course down the Bay.

She watched it as the sails lessened in the distance; she watched it out of sight—straining her eyes after it until the "Petrel" appeared no larger than a snow-flake on the blue sea against the horizon, into which it soon seemed to melt and disappear.

It was gone! He was gone!

Yet still she did not change her attitude or withdraw her gaze; but remained with her strained eyes fixed upon the spot under the horizon where the sail had disappeared.

It was very late in the afternoon, and Susan had paid many visits to her lady's chamber door to listen

If she could hear her stir, and had rapped once or twice to attract her notice; when at length growing uneasy she gently opened the door and looked in; seeing the bed unoccupied she became alarmed, entered the room and passed on to the parlour, where at the front window she saw her mistress sitting quite still, leaning her forehead against the window pane, and apparently gazing out upon the Bay.

"Why, dear madame, how indiscreet. Have you been up all night?" inquired Susan, anxiously approaching the lady.

But the stationary figure neither spoke nor moved.

"Lady! Lady Montessor!" exclaimed the girl, going closer to her side.

But no word or gesture responded to the call.

"She has fallen asleep sitting there—she will get cold; she must be waked. Lady! lady! dear lady!" exclaimed Susan, taking the hand that hung down by her side.

But that hand was a hand of ice.

"Good angels, how cold she is! Madame, dear mistress! Oh, Heaven! what ails her?" cried the girl, putting his arms gently and respectfully around the lady's shoulders, and seeking to lift her head.

At that touch the sufferer murmured strangely, wildly, vaguely.

"What is the matter? Dear lady, what is this?" said Susan, in great distress.

"Gone! gone! gone!" exclaimed Estelle, in a hollow, echoing voice.

"Oh! you have been asleep—rouse yourself, dear lady. Wake up."

"Gone, gone, gone!"

"Oh, Heaven, what ails her! What shall I do with her? Lady Montessor, speak to me, look on me; it is I—your poor, faithful Susan! Speak to me, please!"

"Gone, gone, gone!"

Once more Susan put her arms reverently around her mistress's shoulder and sought to lift her head.

And at that touch the lady turned toward her a death-like face, from which every shade of colour had faded, and vacant eyes whence the light of intellect had gone out!

Yes, the heroic soul that had borne up so long, and bravely, and patiently, under such tremendous afflictions had succumbed at length; the sorely over-taxed heart and brain had yielded; the light of reason had fled!

Meanwhile Lord Montessor, on board the "Petrel," pursued his voyage to the West Indies. And, reader, this was well—this was best.

(To be Continued.)

### SO NICE.

You wish to have your house painted. It is so nice to have one's house freshly painted. So very nice. One feels so comfortable; besides, those people next door are having their's done, and yours will look so shabby. So you begin to coax your better half to have it done, and he, after declaring that it "looks well enough," that he "detests a house that is being turned out of the windows," and that "women are never contented," gives in, under the influence of amiability, dinners, and coaxing, and stops at Dauber up's, one morning, to tell him to step up and make an estimate.

Daubemup "steps up" promptly: he goes through the house with his hat on the back of his head, thumps the walls, scrapes at the doors with a pen-knife, remarks, "Ah! hum!" occasionally, and finally declares that he can't say what the cost will be until the job is done, the house is in so much worse condition than any other house. Then he asks who painted it last; says, "I thought so," when he hears the name; and finally accepts carte blanche as to painting, with the air of a prince conferring a favour.

He doesn't know just when he'll commence work, but you had better get things ready at once; and you obey. You take up all your carpets, and take down your pictures, for the potentate above alluded to cannot tell you what part of the house he will begin upon. The books are hidden away, the ornaments removed, and you are aroused at dawn some morning to admit an array of workmen with paint-pots, step-ladders, and dissected scaffolds, who rush up and downstairs, roar to each other, deposit the best part of a lumber-yard in various apartments, and, having made a seemingly useless racket in the house all day, depart at nightfall, and return no more for many days. Meanwhile the children tumble off the ladders, taste the Paris-green, and decorate the furniture with white paint.

Now is the time for your Aunt Alligator to arrive to pay you a visit; and for that dear, delightful Mrs. Hightone, whom you invited to stop for a day or two on her way to Brighton. The laws of hospitality are inviolable; you entertain them to the best of your ability and they look injured and miserable. Mrs. Hightone tells you that they always have the painting done while they are absent for the summer, and Aunt Alligator having had her best black spoiled by paint-spots, remarks that it is "shameful," and goes away to have the name of your little Alligator, whom you named after her, stricken out of her will.

Finally, as you sit beside the bed of that same unfortunate little Alligator, who has tumbled off a platform and bruised himself black and blue, trying to take the paint out of your husband's best coat with turpentine, and with the worst sick headache you ever had in your life, remembering the long lectures that your lord and master read you over Mr. Daubemup's "little bill," you begin to think that there are nicer things in this life than having one's house painted.

M. D.

### THE STUDENT'S STORY.

EVER since my father took it into his head to enter me on the books of the University I have more or less been a German.

Perhaps the happiest days of my life were those spent in my quaint old lodging, in the dullest street in the town. My good fortune gave me a landlady who was very deaf, very blind, and very good-natured. I was quite as much master as if the house had been my own.

Life was to a certain extent monotonous, as to be eternally smoking tobacco, drinking beer, and fighting duels with blunt swords, was, to say the least of it, singularly tame.

Anatomy, the laws of life, the many wonderful secrets in connection with human existence, were investigated by me to such an extent that I became quite enthusiastic on the subject.

While my English, French, American, and German associates were busy over cards, beer, and billiards, I would burn the midnight oil in search of the great mysteries of nature.

One of my fellow-students alone sympathised with me in my tastes.

He was a German born, rather mystical, but as far as I was able to judge, a most excellent and worthy fellow. He was, I believe, simplicity itself.

Our friendship was the talk of the town, and to a certain extent was displayed by the mere fact of our always being together.

Nearly ever evening he would come round and spend some hours with me.

He was an inordinate lover of tobacco, and would sit for hours smoking, while I either read out to him or tried experiments in connection with dissection or anatomy in general.

I had an ample supply of animals, and an occasional limb from a human subject, but never succeeded in procuring a whole body.

I often grumbled about the matter to Albrecht Snider, who laughed at my idiosyncrasy at first, and then finally promised to let me have a body all to myself.

I treated the promise as a joke in very bad taste, and thought no more about the matter.

Among our mutual acquaintances was a young man, Fritz by name, who was in every way the opposite of Albrecht.

Merry, light-hearted, always on the search for pleasure, seldom sober, Fritz never lost an opportunity of ridiculing the two bookworms as he called us.

Neither I nor Albrecht was averse to beer, but we seldom exceeded the bounds of discretion. At all social meetings, suppers, etc., we held our own but avoided excess.

Fritz, who prided himself on never going to his bed perfectly rational, was in the habit of ridiculing us openly.

But Albrecht took no notice. His imperturbable good temper was proof against all the other's coarse attempts at wit.

Then in stepped a woman.

Hilda was, perhaps, the prettiest German blonde I had ever seen. With lovely hair, a delicate complexion, and a form which, if not fairy-like, was still

that of a fine woman, she won the hearts of both Fritz and Albrecht.

It was all very well to be ridiculed as a bookworm, but when it came to rivalry in love, the matter became serious.

I noticed that Albrecht was unusually silent at our evening meetings.

Worse than that, they became fewer and much more far between.

Night after night I was left alone.

But there is no one who can so easily dispense with society as the student. I opened my books, I lit a fire in my laboratory and went to work.

Certainly when it came to the beer and tobacco, the relief seemed less, but even that was to be got over.

My chief misery was that I could not read up my anatomical studies by having a whole human subject to myself.

A month passed, and Albrecht ceased his evening visits altogether.

Not that he completely neglected me. Several times he called upon me in the morning, and even invited me to the house of his future joys and sorrows.

So however he only hoped. Hilda was, I could see, an abominable flirt, and would not end the contest between the two youths quite so quickly as they hoped and wished.

Both thought themselves the favoured lover.

One evening there was a ball given by one of the higher officials of the town. Many of the well-conducted students were invited, and, as a matter of course, Albrecht and I were included.

My tastes did not run very much that way, but to oblige my friend, and partly as a matter of policy, I accepted the invitation.

How Fritz, whose rough ways were the talk of the town, contrived to be present, I know not. Probably his handsome face and noble figure stood him in good stead.

The ne'er-do-wells of the world are often patronised by female society.

At all events, there he was, very handsome, very stylishly dressed, and full of that hearty confidence which so imposes upon the world.

I had never spoken to Hilda before, but, on the present occasion, was presented to her by both rivals.

With something of maliciousness in my mind, I immediately engaged her for two dances, and had the satisfaction of seeing them both frowning at me most desperately.

Hilda laughed. Heartless girl! She cared nothing for me; and actually enjoyed the misery she was inflicting upon these two young men.

She was a pleasant and agreeable girl enough, but as I looked upon Albrecht as a brother I could not forgive her. When I remonstrated she laughed in my face.

"I am a woman, and can do as I like," she said, tossing her lively curls up in a golden cloud.

This silenced me of course, and, as soon as I could lead her to a seat, I walked away.

Ten minutes elapsed and I found Albrecht Snider near me.

He was pale, almost ghastly, and his lips quivered convulsively.

"What is the matter?" I said.

He drew my arm in his, and walked me off to a conservatory, crowded by the richest tropical fruits. "Henry Graham," he whispered, in a sepulchral voice, "don't you want a corpse?"

I started in utter horror.

"Yes," I faltered; "but—but this is a strange place to talk about such a subject."

"No—now or never! You shall have a corpse by to-morrow night! It may be mine, it may be hers—Heaven knows it may be hers."

I looked him full in the eye. Was he mad, or had he been drinking? Evidently something was the matter.

"I know what you think," he said, sadly. "But it is a fact. I cannot live without her—and, believe me, Harry, she is playing me false."

At this moment he drew me behind a large flowering cactus, and clutched my arm.

"Silence—silence—move and I will kill you!" he said in a savage, moody tone.

I knew his motive.

Hilda, leaning on the arm of the light-hearted Fritz, was about to promenade with him.



"Beautiful Hilda," he said aloud, unconscious of the presence of strangers, to whom the style of conversation must be ludicrous, "believe me when I say that I love, that I adore you."

The merry German girl laughed, declaring that he was the third man who had made the same remark to her.

"But, beautiful Hilda!" he cried, "I am in sober and serious earnest. To-morrow night at eight—yes, without fail, I will repeat the words to your father." Hilda now became graver in tone.

"I did not know you were serious, Herr Mole," she began. "If you really intend speaking to my father—"

Albrecht could bear no more. He held me tight by the arm and drew me away.

We left the ball-room together, and soon were seated by my comfortable fire, enjoying the luxury of tobacco and beer.

Albrecht scarcely spoke, but a great deal of beer disappeared, and finally he left me in a very gloomy and taciturn state of mind.

The day was a busy one with me; I had letters to answer.

My dinner was sent up at the usual time, and after eating it I indulged, as was my custom, in a quiet pipe and some schnapps.

My father had been rather peremptory in his expressions. He wished me to return as soon as possible.

I had spent three years in Germany, and he wanted to see some result.

Besides, he was kind enough to say that I was missed at home, and my mother and sisters would be glad to see me.

To be remembered and scolded thus kindly was very pleasant, but still my education was not complete. Until my anatomical studies were supplemented by the actual dissection of a human body. I could not be said to have arrived at the surgical perfection at which I aimed.

What was to be done?

Like nearly all German students would have done, I answered myself by lighting up a huge pipe, and filling up another mug of beer.

But no ideas would come.

Then came a timid knock at the outer door. As my deaf and blind old landlady never interfered with such mundane concerns I at once replied, and found a messenger in uniform, with a letter.

He asked for me, and being satisfied of my identity, gave me a letter.

As soon as I had taken it in my hand the man hurried away.

I tore it open as the manner of delivery was in itself strange.

"DEAR HARRY.—An unfortunate 'rix' has occurred. In a quarrel to-day poor Fritz has received his quietus. As it is absolutely necessary to keep the matter secret his body will be sent you. Do with it as you please, or, rather, as you think wise. I have often promised you a corpse. At the same time I pledge you my word I have done him no harm."

"ALBRECHT SNEIDER."

Fritz dead, and his body brought to me. It was not only horrible, but very suspicious. I recollected the scene of the night before.

Still I was bound, I thought, in honour to protect my friend.

What was to be done with the body?

My instincts as a medical student were alive in one moment.

I mechanically went to a cupboard and took out all my surgical instruments.

While so doing (it was now dark night) there came a knock at the door.

I rushed hastily to the passage and gave admission to four men, bearing something on a stretcher. It was covered by a sheet.

A slight shudder passed through my frame as I hastily led the way to my dressing-room. None of the men spoke.

They moved solemnly, and with true German gravity.

I stood with the door open, a candle in my hand. They deposited the stretcher on my large table, made a sort of awkward bow, and then hesitated.

I put my hand in my pockets.

The leader of the party, a man in a black shovel hat, very much like a coal heaver's, grinned and waited.

I gave him some money, for which I received muttered thanks.

Then I escorted them out.

Two minutes more, and I was alone with my dead body.

To speak the candid truth I was delighted. No miser ever gloated over his gold with more fervour than I did over my first corpse.

Having secured myself from observation I once more examined my instruments.

The case was made by a celebrated army surgeon.

Every one of the terrible saws, knives, and other adjuncts of the battle field were here. One large instrument like a carving knife.

I took it up, examined it keenly, and then laid it down again.

All was ready.

And all this time I had never thought of examining the unfortunate being whom I was about to dissect. To this day I believe that my professional enthusiasm must have driven me nearly mad.

It suddenly struck me to assure myself of the real character of the subject which laid before me. I lifted the sheet.

Yes—terrible to relate, it was the white, livid, corpse of Fritz.

As I let the sheet fall with a sickening sensation at my heart, the clock struck eight.

The hour of his appointment with Hilda's father.

Terror, disgust, for a moment overcame me, but taking up a celebrated French work on surgery, I tried to prime myself to be again the surgeon.

It took, however, a couple of glasses of brandy and three pipes to work me up to the proper state of mind.

Then I was remorseless.

Coldly I began to lay out the instruments. My eager and terrible longing to try my hand upon a whole corpse returned.

Blinding myself to the fearful nature of the task I was about to impose on myself, I advanced towards the table.

My sight was confused and uncertain.

Suddenly I reflected that my subject was not undressed.

I had to remove the wretch's clothes.

Rat—tat—tat.

The knock was sharp and decisive. What could be the matter?

The police were after me, was my first idea. Then there came the wild and monstrous notion that I was summoned in some supernatural way.

There was no hesitation about my manner. I opened the door.

A dark saturnine figure stood looking at me. With some such impulse as influenced Faust at times, I retreated, my Germanic fancy raising the idea in my head that Mephistophiles stood before me.

A moment's reflection convinced me that Albrecht stood in the doorway.

"Well," I said.

"In the name of Heaven!" he cried, "what have you done with Fritz?"

"I was just going to cut him up."

"Alive, you savage!" he said.

"Alive, man, what do you mean?"

"Have you not found it out, Harry? Thank Heaven! I am not too late. After I left you, I went back to the Casino, and, assisted by four Baden-Baden fellows, made Master Fritz drink a little more than even he is used to. When he woke this morning we gave him a refresher, with laudanum in it, and, ourselves a little wild, sent him to you as a dead man."

"Not dead!" I cried.

"I hope not. Having despatched him here by four comrades, I kept the appointment with Hilda, and, old boy, have been accepted. I just recollected that it was past eight—and knowing your zeal in the cause of science—hurried off, for fear you should really murder poor Fritz."

My indignation was too great to allow me to reply. Next day I left, and it was months afterwards, when, at Hilda's own solicitation, that I forgave Albrecht. But you will never get me to visit that place again.

Fritz declares that he is only waiting his opportunity to show how he appreciates my first attempt at dissection.

C. M.

#### LIFE AND EXISTENCE.

THE mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is

not life. In all this, but a poor consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

ONE Tichborne trial juryman has petitioned the Queen for the release of the Claimant, recanting his former verdict, and another now promises "to go over," having based his views on the fact that the Claimant's hair was dyed, and it turns out, to his horror now, to have been the natural colour. The value of jury decision has always been as doubtful; it was, however, supposed to be of a superior quality in that eternal trial.

## GLORIA;

OR,

## MARRIED IN RAGE.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

WE must follow David Lindsay. Peter Cummings, the overseer of Gryphnhold, has already assured us that the young man reached Wolf's Gap in safety, and took the night stage-coach for Llandudno.

The first night of his journey was without any incident worth recording.

But in the middle of the second night's journey, when they were within a few miles of B——, a fearful accident happened. They were going through a dangerous mountain pass, where, as often occurred, the narrow road ran between a rising precipice on one hand and a falling one on the other. There were then but four passengers in the coach—David Lindsay and three other men.

All were fast asleep—lulled by the motion of the coach, as they lay back on their cushions—except David Lindsay, whom the thoughts of his lost love kept awake.

In the darkness of a starless midnight, along a road so ill lighted by the two coach lamps that objects and boundaries were rather more likely to be consumed than to be made clearer, the leaders drew too near the edge of the falling precipice.

For a few yards they went on safely through the fearful peril, and then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, one of the off horses made a misstep, and coach, horses and passengers plunged over the precipice, crashing as they rolled over and fell into the tops of strong trees, that broke their fall only for an instant, to let them through and down into deeper depths of forest branches, which in turn gave way beneath the weight and dropped them finally at the base of the mountain.

Now came a time of inextricable confusion and deadly panic.

Not a groan or a cry was heard; not a face could be seen. The lamps had been shattered and the lights put out by the fall. No one had been thrown out of the coach, but all were coiled and knotted together among the cushions and padded lining, which had helped to save them, within the half-broken body. No one as yet knew whether he were dead or alive, in pain or at ease. Even the horses did not move or struggle. They might be dead.

Some minutes passed in this manner, and then a groan arose from the midst of the silence.

Then a prayer:

"Lord have mercy upon us."

Finally a thanksgiving:

"Heaven be praised we are not all dead."

And now the stunned passengers began to recover their senses, and the coiled and knotted forms to unwind and extricate themselves amid more groans and lamentations.

"Has any one got the means of making a light?" inquired the voice of a practical man.

"I have a box of wax matches," answered one old fellow, who had made himself a nuisance by smoking the whole day and night.

"I have got a few pounds of candles in my carpet-bag that I was taking home to the old woman, but I reckon it is jumbled up among us so I can't find it," said another voice, as its owner began to wriggle about in the wreck in search of his property.

"Oh, don't; don't, for the Lord's sake! You are killing me! I am in great pain!" moaned a weak voice that had not ceased to moan and groan since they had recovered consciousness after the shock of the fall.

"I am very sorry, friend," said the candle owner, after he had found his bag and dragged it out from a jumble of broken glass and splinters that had fallen on the body of the coach.

"Here they are, sir," he called out.

"Give them to me," said the first speaker, who had called for light, and whose name was David Lindsay. "No, I fear I cannot do it. I find my left arm is useless; but you, gentlemen, light a pair of candles and let us look about us. It is my hope and belief that no one is fatally injured."

"Oh, I am in great pain! I am in great pain!" groaned the wounded passenger.

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir. Where are you hurt?" inquired David Lindsay, sympathetically.

"Oh, my leg! my leg! It is crushed and broken, and bent up under me."

"We must extricate this gentleman immediately. Take courage, sir, we will soon have you out, and no doubt there is some wood-cutter's or charcoal-burner's house near to which we can carry you," said the young man, cheerfully.

By this time two candles were lit, and by their light the condition of the inside of the coach could be clearly seen. It lay upon its left side.

The right-side windows were overhead, but broken into the body of the coach. It required some exertion to force the crushed window open and out, and it was only done at the expense of out and wounded hands.

The man whom I will call the candle-master was the first to raise his head through the aperture and look abroad.

And this was his report:

"It is a cloudy night. Hardly a star to be seen. We are wrecked at the foot of the mountain, and about a hundred yards from the bank of the river. Right opposite to us, on the other shore, I see a small group of buildings, and a solitary watch-light burning. I take it to be a ferry. If so, help is at hand, of course."

"Thank Heaven!" fervently ejaculated David Lindsay.

And then he anxiously inquired:

"Do you see the stage-coachman? We have not heard a word of him since we fell. I am anxious about the fate of the poor fellow."

The "man on the look-out" paused as if to make a new observation, and then replied:

"No, I see no coachman, and his box is nothing but a mass of splinters and rags. Ah, poor soul! you know he would have been shot from his seat at the first fall. He's done for, unless indeed he saw the danger time enough to jump off, as he might, you know. And the horses lie stock ill, as if they were dead, as likely they are. Well, I am going to climb out and try and get assistance."

With this the young man, who was unhurt, or the least hurt of the party, clambered out through the broken window at the cost of scratched skin and torn raiment, and being on the outside, succeeded in opening the door and extricating his fellow-passengers.

First came the old smoker, groaning and complaining of his wounds and bruises, which, as they did not hamper his movements, seemed to be superficial.

Next came David Lindsay, whose left arm hung motionless by his side.

Yet with his right arm he lent what assistance he could to the two unhurt men in tenderly removing their most seriously injured fellow-traveller from the coach and laying him carefully down on a pallet that they had made on the ground of their own overcoats.

Then the broken man, who had shrieked with agony on being drawn from the body of the coach, became quiet, and seemed so prostrated as to be on the verge of fainting or dying.

"Has any one a brandy flask?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Yes, I never travel without my pocket-pistol," promptly replied the old smoker, drawing a little flat bottle from his breast.

"Uncork it and put the neck to his mouth—for mercy's sake, quickly!" directed the amateur doctor.

The old smoker knelt and obeyed orders.

The wounded man drank and was revived.

"Now, we must get help from the house across there as soon as possible," exclaimed David Lindsay, going closer to the banks of the stream.

The new river here was deep and narrow. An athlete might almost have thrown a stone from one shore to the other.

The spot was highly picturesque. The wrecked stage-coach and dead horses lay at the foot of the lofty, wooded precipice down which they had fallen.

Before them rolled the dark, narrow, rapid river,

beyond that river lay a hilly shore, and down near the water were grouped half a dozen small buildings, that might have been a cottage, barn, and boat-house belonging to a ferry, such as are so frequently to be found on the mountain rivers.

A single light was burning near the shore, and duplicated by reflection in the water below.

But not a sound was to be heard from that side.

"They are asleep, doubtless," said David Lindsay, "but we must try to rouse them."

Whereupon the young man who was unhurt put up both his hands to his mouth for a trumpet, and shouted forth:

"Hallo-o-o! Yo-ho! O—house!"

He waited a few minutes, and getting no response, repeated his summons; then a few moments longer and still receiving no answer, reiterated it, adding, as he recovered his breath:

"Now, if that don't fetch 'em, I'll just throw off my clothes and swim the river. It is nothing."

"Not in good weather, but on a winter night you might take cramp and drown, or get cold and die of the pleurisy," suggested the old smoker.

"Not a bit of it! It will be cold enough, but when I get to the other side I'll warm myself by thrashing the first drowsy, stupid fellow that I can wake up!" exclaimed the young fellow.

At this moment, among the murky buildings on the opposite shore, another light appeared and was reflected on the water beneath, while a voice shouted from across the river:

"Hallo-o!"

"Hallo yourself, you slow turtle!" shouted the young traveller.

"What's wanted?"

"A boat! There's been an accident! Stage-coach pitched over the precipice! Four horses and the coachman killed! Three passengers hurt, one badly!" shouted the young fellow.

"All right!" roared the ferryman, referring to the boat, of course, and not to the accident.

"Put a little bed or some pillows in it, for the injured man!" bawled the youth.

"Just so!" yelled the ferryman, who was already going about the business, as they could see from the motion of the light in his hand.

Presently the light disappeared, and presently after reappeared; and then in a few minutes the dip of oars was heard, and in a few minutes more the boat grounded on the sands below the wrecked stage-coach, and two men sprang from it and began immediately to ask a multitude of questions, which it would have taken an hour to answer in detail.

"We know nothing about the cause of the accident, or who was to blame, if anybody was. I think we were asleep when it happened. The coach fell over the precipice into the tops of the trees, that must have broken the fall considerably, several times before we reached the bottom, or we should all have been crushed to death, notwithstanding these cushions and padded slates, that did also help to save our limbs," answered the young man, as he helped the two ferrymen to lift the body of the groaning victim and lay him on the bed in the boat.

"Any of the luggage in the boat saved, I wonder," said the old smoker, as he walked around the wreck of the stage-coach.

But the boat had burst and let fall the heavy trunks before reaching the bottom, and now nothing remained of it but flapping leather rags.

"Oh, lor! my box is gone!" cried the old smoker.

"You may find it, sir, all the same, either lodged in some of the bushes on the mountain side, or maybe down on the road itself, supposing it might have rolled all the way down. Better get on the boat now, sir, and look for your box to-morrow," said the elder of the two ferrymen, as he stood up on the boat, waiting for his last passenger.

The old man unwillingly abandoned the search, and got into the boat, that was swiftly rowed to the opposite bank, where all the party landed.

The wounded and groaning man suffered so much on being touched or moved, that David Lindsay suggested that they should lift him by the corners of the bed on which he lay, and so carry him to some mattress on a bedstead on the ground floor, if such could be obtained.

The elder ferryman assured him that it could.

David Lindsay's advice was followed.

The wounded traveller was conveyed to a small but clean bedroom, warmed by a wood fire, and adjoining the parlour, and made as comfortable as circumstances would admit, while the landlord sent one of his men on horseback to the nearest hamlet to fetch a physician.

"And here is this gentleman, who is seriously hurt, though he says nothing about it," remarked the young farmer, pointing to David Lindsay, towards whom all now looked.

"My left arm is useless; that is all. Nothing

can be done until the doctor comes, and even then he must attend to the more suffering man first," said David Lindsay, with a smile.

It was now so near day that the faint rosy tinge from the light of the rising sun could be seen above the opposite mountain tops.

The landlord (and ferryman), whose name was Kirk, now aroused all his family, and bade them arise and prepare breakfast for the unlucky travellers.

A few minutes after sunrise a Dr. Pettit, from the neighbouring hamlet, arrived and was ushered in to the bedside of the injured passenger, whose hurts he declared to be far more painful than dangerous, consisting of a sprained ankle and cut and torn and bruised legs.

Having ministered to this man, the doctor came out and examined David Lindsay's arm, which he found broken midway between the elbow and shoulder.

With great skill he set, splinted, and bound it up, and put it in a sling.

"You will have a little local pain during the knitting together of the bone, but that will be the only inconvenience you will suffer," said the kind-hearted doctor, as he left the young man and turned to see to the injuries of the old farmer, who was complaining very much; though nothing but a few scratches and bruises, requiring little or no treatment, was found upon him.

Breakfast was now ready, and the good doctor sat down to the table with his three patients, who were not so badly off but that they could relish the fragrant coffee, fresh venison, corn bread and light rolls set before them.

The morning meal was not over when the people of the neighbourhood, who had heard a rumour of the accident, began to assemble at the ferry to visit the scene of the calamity, and inquire into all the particulars.

Before noon it was ascertained that the coach was a total wreck, the horses killed, and the coachman missing.

Before night the body of the unfortunate coachman was found in a fissure of rocks, about halfway down the precipice. It was brought to the ferry-house for the inquest.

Nearly all the luggage belonging to the passengers was recovered by the diligent search of the neighbours, lodged among the bushes on the mountain side, or fallen on the road below.

The inquest was held the same night, the verdict rendered being accidental death, and the body of the poor man was put in a rude coffin, and set in a cold loft over the stables to await the arrival of his son, who, being known to the ferryman, had been sent for.

The old smoker and the young farmer walked over to the hamlet the next day to meet the Landisno coach.

David Lindsay, feeling compassion for the man whose injuries still confined him to his bed, determined to remain a day or two longer to keep him company.

It was the third evening after his arrival at the ferry that he entered the common parlour of the house, and found it occupied by a stranger, who was striding up and down the floor.

He was a tall, dark, sinister-looking man, enveloped from head to foot in a long, black cloak. A swarthy forehead, bushy brows, and fierce black eyes full of malignant fire, was all that could be seen of his face, for a flap of his black cloak was so thrown over it as to conceal the lower part.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

DAVID LINDSAY drew a chair to the genial wood fire and seated himself; but his attention continually wandered toward the forbidding stranger, who, closely wrapped in his long black cloak, and with his slouched hat pulled over his brow, continued to stride up and down the floor.

Once, as David Lindsay happened to look up from his seat, just as the stranger turned around in his walk, their glances met, when so dark a scowl loomed down on the brow of the unknown, so fierce a fire flashed from his eyes that the young man, stricken as by an electric shock, recoiled and turned away.

The stranger still continued to pace up and down the floor with long strides, while the youth, sitting at the fireside, could scarcely resist the sinister fascination that drew him to look again on what he loathed, yet strangely pitied; for, under the shrouding shadows of the cloak and hat, all that could be seen of that dark form revealed despairing anguish and demonic malignity. In a word it was the aspect of a tortured fiend.

After a few moments the repulsive stranger



snatched something from the table and strode from the room.

David Lindsay, from some impulse that he could not have explained, arose with a feeling of relief, and, though the night was intensely cold, he threw up all the windows in the room that the pure outside air might blow freely through it.

He walked slowly up and down, until the room was thoroughly ventilated, and then closed the windows again.

He had scarcely reentered himself when Aaron Kirk, the landlord's son, came in bringing a lighted lamp, which he placed upon the table.

"Do you know who was the gentleman that left the parlour about fifteen minutes since?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Bliss if I do, sir. He came here first about four or five days ago and left his horse, a valuable one, which was dead beat, and hired a fresh one from father to take him down the country some'ers, and to-night he came back and brought father's horse and got his own, and now he's gone again."

"Where?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Don't know, sir, beggin' pardon; I did venture to ask him if he was going to catch the stage-coach. He didn't make me any answer, but he gave me such a look then, of course, after that I didn't ask any questions. He was a good, transient customer. He paid liberally for the use of our horse and the keep of his own; but I think the house is well rid of him, all the same, sir," said the young ferryman.

"Very likely, yet I pity him; he seemed to suffer," replied David Lindsay, in a musing tone.

During the remainder of the young man's sojourn at the ferry the dark form and face of the sinister stranger haunted his imagination painfully and persistently.

On one occasion he spoke to the landlord concerning the unknown.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Kirk, in answer to inquiries. "I am not acquainted with him. Never saw his face in my life, until he came here to hire my horse and leave his own. And then I liked his looks so little, that I wouldn't have trusted him with my horse at any price, if his own hadn't been the more valuable of the two. When he brought mine back and got his own, he asked me what was to pay. And then, you see, I thought I would find out who he was. So I politely asked him, in whose name I should make out the bill and receipt. But, laws a mercy! he scowled on me like a black thunder cloud, thumped down a banknote for five pounds on the counter and made me take my pay and give him the change. I did so, and he mounted his horse and galloped away. I was glad enough; for all the time he stayed I seemed to see smoke and smell brimstone."

David Lindsay smiled slightly in perceiving that the landlord had felt as he himself had, a certain sense of oppression, almost of suffocation in the presence of the stranger.

The next moment this thought gave place to a feeling of pity for the unknown, and he said, gravely:

"The man seemed to be utterly despairing."

"Yes, he looked like he had had something very heavy on his conscience. I shouldn't wonder if he was a murderer. And now I come to think of it," added Kirk, and then he paused.

"What?" inquired David Lindsay, with much interest.

"What do you think?"

"Why he does look something like a man I used to know long ago, when I was a young shaver like you."

"Who was he?" inquired David Lindsay.

The two men had been standing in front of the parlour fire. It was evening, but the lamp was not yet lighted and brought in, when this conversation commenced:

"Sit down," said Mr. Kirk, taking a seat for himself. "Sit down and I will tell you. I must sit, for the very thought of that affair makes me so weak in my limbs that I really can't stand."

David Lindsay seated himself and waited to hear more.

"It was a Colonel Murdockson. He was in the Reg'lars. He was down here on leave, spending Christmas holidays with some relations."

"Yes," said David Lindsay, seeing that the landlord paused.

"Well, he was a handsome fellow, tall, and straight as an arrow, and when he drew himself up and threw his shoulders back and lifted his head, he was as soldierly a looking officer as you would be likely to meet in a day's march."

"And yet you say this sinister stranger looked like him?"

"Yes, only older and blacker and wicked! This Marmaduke Murdockson was a splendid, handsome young blade, as I said, with a face as clear and white,

and features as regular and delicate as any girl's; but with a pair of flashing black eyes, as well as a heavy head of curling, black hair, and a full black beard that covered the whole lower part of his face and hung a foot down on his chest. I was a youngster then, carefully nursing the first down on my chin; and I remember how I used to envy his black beard. It was the only thing I did envy the splendid stranger who dazzled the whole county. My father kept this house then, and the elegant colonel used to stop here sometimes when hunting in the neighbourhood, you understand."

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, as I said, he came first just before the Christmas holidays. It was in January, a week or so later, that the colonel fell into the company of the wickedest man in the wickedest race of men ever known in this, or in any other country—Dyvyd Gryphyn. If you have ever been down in the neighbourhood of Wolf's Gap you must have heard of Gryphyn and him, too."

"I have heard of both," replied David Lindsay.

"Well, sir, there must have been a spark of the Evil One in this dashing colonel, or he never could have struck up such a sudden and furious friendship with the Evil One himself, meaning Dyvyd Gryphyn."

"Dyvyd 'ap' Gryphyn?" inquired young Lindsay.

"Yes, Dyvyd 'ap' Gryphyn was what he called himself, though everybody else called him plain Dyvyd Gryphyn, a name that is barbarous enough in itself without any 'ap.'"

"Go on, if you please."

"Well, sir, they two grew as thick as thieves, or sweethearts, or newly married lovers. They were always together. They were often here, when on hunting expeditions. And mind you, sir, it was not always the winged or the four-footed creatures they were after," added the landlord, mysteriously.

"What then?" inquired young Lindsay.

"Ah, sir, many a simple, confiding lass had cause to lament the day she first set eyes on the dashing colonel. Not as I believe any of 'em really let themselves be led astray, neither. That ain't the way of our good girls down in these here parts; but the splendid Marmaduke had a winning manner and a way of breaking hearts that he delighted in and boasted of, to gratify his pride and vanity."

"The demon!" indignantly exclaimed David Lindsay.

"Yes, sir; but he was a very handsome demon just about that time. And, sir, he used to brag—I have heard him do it in this very parlour, when he and Dyvyd 'ap' Gryphyn were over their liquor, I have heard him brag that he had only to look at a woman to make her his slave."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the honest young fisherman in unutterable disgust and abhorrence.

"Well, sir, the end came sooner than any one might have thought. That friendship of theirs, sir, was like the lighted fuse of a grenade. It soon came to the end and exploded, as might have been expected sooner or later; though as I said, it burst up sooner than any one expected."

"Umph!"

"The way of it was this: They were here one evening after a day's hunt. They were smoking and drinking together at that very table in this parlour, and I running in and out to answer their bell or obey their orders. They didn't mind me. I was but a slip of a youth, and besides they were so much in liquor that they were reckless of what they said. I reckon. Well, sir, the colonel began as usual to brag of the number of hearts he had broken."

"Was this man one of Satan's imps, indeed?" broke in young Lindsay.

"Something like it, sir, as you will say when you hear the end. But you have seen him, and you may judge for yourself."

"Whom do you mean? This stranger who refused to give his name?"

"Yes, it runs in my head, and I can't drive it out, that this forbidding stranger, who declined to give his name, is no other than the long missing fugitive, Marmaduke Murdockson. But to go back to that night, when they sat over their liquor, one dragging of conduct of which he ought to have been deeply ashamed, and the other listening and eavesdropping. At last Dyvyd 'ap' Gryphyn, curling his lip, said:

"So you think no woman whom you honour with your notice could be proof against your fascinations?"

"I have never found such a one yet. If there is such a one I have yet to discover her," answered the unblushing villain.

"I'll find one for you—one who will be proof against all your allurements, my fire fellow," said Dyvyd 'ap' Gryphyn, who, being very much intoxicated, was very much inclined to be insulting and aggressive.

"I'll bet you a hundred pounds that you don't," exclaimed the boasting lady-killer.

"I'll bet you two hundred that I do," retorted Dyvyd 'ap' Gryphyn.

"Done," said the other.

"And the money was put up in the form of notes of hand by both of them, and my father was called in to hold the stakes. Then more brandy and cigars were ordered."

"Where is this peerless Diana to whom you will introduce me?" sneeringly inquired the dashing colonel.

"In my house at Gryphynhold," replied his companion.

"Oh, the sleeping beauty in the wood. The enchanted princess in the castle! the secluded Venus, of whom everyone has heard so much, but no one has ever seen," sneered the dashing colonel.

"You shall see her, and lose two hundred pounds by your boasting," retorted Gryphyn.

"The notes were then put in my father's hands. My father sent me out to bring his cash-box that he might lock them up in the presence of the two men."

"Now, sir," said Gryphyn to the colonel, "listen to me. I have some gentlemen coming to dine with me next Wednesday. Join us and I will give you a sight of the woman who will treat you with coolness or contempt, according to your deportment towards her."

"Yes; but you must not only give me a sight of the beauty, but a chance to win her affections," added the colonel.

"Oh, of course," agreed Dyvyd 'ap' Gryphyn. And so the task ended, at least for me; for having no more business in the parlour I was sent off to put away the cash-box, and with an intimation that I need not return. I think my father did not consider the conversation of these two gentlemen edifying to his son."

"Well, Mr. Lindsay, the colonel and his friend went away the next day, and I never saw them alive afterwards. All that I have now to tell you of the issue of that fatal bet is hearsay only. You may give it what credit you please."

"Go on," said David Lindsay.

"Well, it seems that there was a beautiful young woman at the Satan's Den up there, meaning Gryphynhold, and that she lived in the closest privacy, almost like a prisoner, never being seen by any of the guests who came to the house. Some said she was Gryphyn's wife, some said that she was not. However that may be, one thing is certain—she was as beautiful as the morning star, and she was held in captivity as close as any sultan's slave."

"I have heard something about that hapless lady," said David Lindsay, compassionately.

"Well, sir, it seems that the next Wednesday night—the night of the dinner-party—an orgie was held at Gryphynhold, more like unto the carousal of fiends than the festivities of rational men. All, from the host to the youngest guest, went roaring mad with drink, and in the height of the uproar this young woman, who, whatever else she might have been, was certainly modest and retiring, was ordered downstairs by her lord and master. She came down, trembling equally to obey or disobey such a summons."

"Ah!" sighed David Lindsay, from the pity of his heart.

"Now, sir, what took place that night Satan only knows; but at length the poor girl escaped from the drunken rabble, and ran and took sanctuary in her own room. Next morning the orgies broke up, and the guests all went away, accompanied by their host as far as Wolf's Gap, where they all stopped for lunch."

"Was Alick Cummings ferryman and landlord there at that time?"

"Yes, sir, he was; and it was from him and his sister, Mrs. Brent, who was housekeeper at Gryphynhold, that I heard all I am going to tell you. There was a quarrel over the wine. The dashing colonel claimed that he had won the bet—that the lady had looked on him with eyes of the greatest favour, and was ready to throw herself in his arms if he only opened them! All this was the most ridiculous boasting on the part of Colonel Murdockson, who did not seem to expect anyone to believe him."

"I should suppose not, indeed," said David Lindsay.

"But for all that, sir, it fired the jealousy of Dyvyd Gryphyn, who was the most furiously and



[A STRANGE COMPANION.]

frantically jealous man on the face of the earth, as you will presently see. He was the more madly jealous because he had been too drunk on the preceding night to remember what had really happened, or whether the captive beauty had really smiled on the fascinating colonel or not. He then denounced Colonel Murdockson by every ill name one man could call another. The colonel challenged him, and a duel was arranged to be fought the next morning without seconds."

"But why on earth did not some one prevent such a wicked and murderous meeting?" demanded David Lindsay, in surprise.

"Because no one knew anything about it until it was too late. Alick Cummings and others, to be sure, heard them quarrelling, but did not know that any challenge had passed.

"But the other men of the party, who had ridden from Gryphynhold with them, and must have been at the same table."

"Oh, I should have told you, sir, that immediately after lunch at Wolf's Gap, the other gentlemen of the party took the Llandudno stage-coach when it stopped for passengers, and went away, leaving Colonel Murdockson and Dyvyd Gryphyn to their brandy and cigars, though I believe the dispute about the girl had commenced before the others left, but you see it hadn't got to such a height. Well, sir, the weather had changed, and it was coming on to snow. But Dyvyd Gryphyn came out in a fury, ordered his horse, threw himself into his saddle, and set off to Gryphynhold, where he arrived late that night."

"And committed an act of cruelty scarcely equalled in atrocity by the feeblest deeds of the most fiendish monsters that ever lived!" exclaimed David Lindsay.

"Yes, sir, dragged her helpless from her bed in the dead of night, and turned her out of doors to perish in the snow. But retribution overtook him, sir, in less than twenty-four hours. However, you see, sir, little did anybody at Wolf's Gap suspect the devilish act he had been guilty of when he appeared next morning at the ferryhouse, where Colonel Murdockson had stayed all night to keep his fatal appointment."

"What cold-blooded wickedness!"

"Yes, sir, it was; for when the two men walked out together early that morning, the folks at the ferryhouse thought that they had made up their quarrel, and little suspected that they had gone to fight a murderous duel to the very death—but so it

was. Neither of them was ever seen alive after that. By the merest chance of a hunter coming home through the dell where the duel had been fought, the dead body of Dyvyd Gryphyn was found within two hours after he had left Wolf's Gap alive. You must have heard of that duel, sir, if you ever heard of Gryphynhold."

"Yes, I have heard of it."

"Well, sir, the strangest part of it was this: Though the body of Dyvyd Gryphyn, being carried in a covered cart over the dreadful mountain roads, did not reach Gryphynhold until twelve o'clock noon the next day, his spirit had gone before and entered the house, and appeared to his servants at midnight, just twelve hours after the discovery of his dead body on the duelling-ground, and twelve hours previous to the arrival of that body at Gryphynhold."

"I have heard of that circumstance. It was very wonderful—if true," added David Lindsay, with a smile.

"If true, sir? Why the fact is supported by evidence that would establish any other fact before any court of justice in the world?" said the landlord, energetically.

"The body of Dyvyd Gryphyn was found on the duelling-ground?"

"Yes, sir; dreadfully mutilated. The coroner's inquest that sat on the remains at Gryphynhold brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Marmaduke Murdockson, who had fled from justice immediately after the occurrence. I think that was what made it look so black, sir. I think if he had stood his ground it would have been brought in manslaughter, or something to that same effect, I mean, and when he should have come to trial he would have been acquitted. But he fled, sir. He fled from justice. It looked very black."

"And has he never been heard of since?"

"Never, sir; never once. Not even the slightest clue has ever been obtained to his hiding-place. Luckily he left no near relations to break their hearts over his fate, and no property for distant relatives to fight over. He had nothing but his commission in the army, sir."

"And the unhappy young woman turned out to perish in the storm; was her fate never positively ascertained?"

"Well, no, sir, not positively. Some weeks after her exposure the dead body of a woman was found on the mountains; but the birds and the beasts of prey had been the first to discover it, and so it was

quite past recognition, though every one naturally supposed it to be that of poor Desolée, the young woman of Gryphynhold. Well, sir, all this happened twenty-two or twenty-three years ago. The estate has passed into other hands, and Gryphynhold has been pretty nearly forsaken, and would be forgotten as well, if it were not for the ghosts."

"Ghosts," echoed David Lindsay, with a laugh.

"Ah, sir, ghosts. Passers by the road below the house have seen and heard strange things, and men who have been out rabbit hunting in the night have seen a young and beautiful being clothed in white, walking, weeping, and wringing her hands."

"And you believe all this, Mr. Kirk?"

"Why not? I should believe any material fact on the same evidence. Why not believe this, even though we cannot understand or explain it?"

"Because it is unnatural and improbable, if not impossible."

"Well, sir, that is all I have to tell you about those dreadful events of long ago, except that I feel convinced in my own mind that the dark, repulsive stranger who came here and went away so mysteriously is no other than Marmaduke Murdockson."

"What can be his motive for revisiting the scene of his crimes and dangers?"

"Ah! who can tell that? Not I, indeed."

And then excusing himself by saying that he had something to attend to, the landlord left the room.

David Lindsay spent the remainder of the evening in writing a long letter to Gloria: for a mail was to go out to Wolf's Gap by the early morning coach that would pass through, and a special mail bag would start this night with letters from Kirk's Ferry. This was the first opportunity the young man had found for despatching a letter.

The next day the son of the unfortunate stage-coachman arrived at the ferry and took his father's body home for burial. On the fourth day the wife of the wounded traveller arrived and took her place at the bedside of her husband. And not until then did the self-forgetting young fisherman feel free to resume his journey.

On the evening of the same day that saw the arrival of the sick man's wife David Lindsay walked over to the hamlet, valise in hand, to be on the spot to take the stage that passed through in the morning. At sunrise he was once more on the road.

(To be Continued.)





[A GRAND TOILET.]

## A FATAL MISTAKE.

## CHAPTER VII.

BETTINA had lain several hours in that immobile sleep, which, but for her regular breathing, might have been mistaken for death itself.

She awoke suddenly, with her vigour perfectly restored, and, for a few brief moments, before memory asserted its sway, she felt as happy and as young as in her childish days.

With a buoyant motion she lifted herself from her reclining position, and looked around the room. A sudden change came over her expressive face as her eyes fell on her open desk, and she remembered why it had been last used.

Throwing her hands up with a despairing gesture, she sank back, crying out:

"How could I forget, even for one brief moment, the awful burden that rests upon me. Oh, Heaven pity me! pity me! and bring me safely out of the pit into which I have fallen! I, who, but for my silly weakness, might have been so happy—so happy. Did I ever really love that man? Could I have been blind and stupid enough to believe that I adored him? Yes—it is too true, and now I am paying the penalty of my madness. Oh, papa, papa! what can I do to atone for my folly?"

She spoke the last words aloud, and Mrs. Ronald, who had just entered the door, at once replied:

"I will tell you, my dear. Get up and make yourself as beautiful as possible, that you may captivate Colonel Clayton, who is about to land here to attend to the duties of love, now that those of war are over."

Bettina looked at her as if she thought her demoted.

"That is a sorry jest from you, Nanty. You, who know my painful position, might have spared me, I think."

"Oh, my dear, I cannot help being a fantastic old idiot sometimes. Nature made me so, and we have supposed tragedy so long that I begin to feel as if I must have a change, even if I put on the cap and bells myself. But it's true all the same, Betty; Col. Clayton is here, and your father, you know, has set his heart on having him for his son. He bade me say to you that you must make a grand toilet, and be as charming as possible."

Bettina buried her face in her pillow, and shivered as with an ague. In her childhood Randolph Clayton had been a frequent guest at Carmora; he was distantly connected with her mother, and had been so great a favourite of hers that she had often said to him in those days:

"You must never find a wife for yourself, Randolph, till my little girl is old enough to contend for such a prize as you will be in the matrimonial market. Mind now, I am bringing her up for you."

"So much the better for me; I shall wait for her," was the laughing reply; and now Bettina knew that he came to judge for himself of the possibility of carrying out her mother's wishes.

She remembered vividly the time when she thought him the grandest person she had ever seen, not even excepting General Washington himself, and had felt highly honoured when he claimed her as his little wife.

He was twelve years older than herself, and the early maturity of person he attained gave her a great idea of her own dignity in being the choice of as big a man as he seemed to her to be.

Seven years had passed since their last meeting, for the long war had kept him too busily employed to afford time to visit his old friends, but many tokens had come to Bettina that she was not forgotten; and now he was there himself, perhaps to make her position more difficult and painful than before.

In those early days she had loved him very dearly, and she was frightened now at the rush of feeling which came to her saddened heart when she thought what might have been, and compared it with the actual misery and humiliation of her lot.

Still the sobs that arose in her throat, Bettina presently looked up, and quietly said:

"I will obey papa's command, Nanty, and try to play my part decently before our visitor. I will give my father no cause to complain that I am indifferent to the friend he estimates so highly; but I must make both of them see that nothing beyond friendship can be expected from me."

"Well, my dear, you have a hard road before you; and I am not going to cry over you any more. Things are coming to a crisis, and I am getting reckless, old as I am. Gerald does not mean to give you up; I saw that last night; but he has given you a week's respite, and we can, at least, make the most of that."

Bettina regarded her with surprise. She sadly said:

"I have not dared to hope that Gerald will permit

me to try to be happy in my own way. I suppose you intend to warn me not to let my heart go out to my old friend. Am I to use my week of freedom to alienate him for ever from me—at a time too when I need a good friend more than I shall, probably, ever need one again?"

"How could Colonel Clayton help you, my child? His presence here will only complicate the situation, and it is bad enough already. I foresee that he will ask your father's consent to address you, and then what are you to do? Your only chance is to hold him at such a disadvantage that he will not venture to ask you to be his wife. If he once speaks, and you deny his suit, think of the anger of your father, and what may result from it."

Bettina lightly said:

"Like yourself, I am getting reckless of consequences. I will do the best I can, and try to keep up a semblance of gaiety, to spare papa as long as I can. When the blow falls we must bear it the best way we can; that is all we can do. If you will send Melissa to me I will get up and make my toilet."

Mrs. Ronald was leaving the room, but she suddenly turned and said:

"I came near forgetting to tell you that your father discovered something about the rose vines at this end of the veranda which excited his suspicions, and he put me through a sharp examination. I managed to evade his inquiries, though some of them were searching enough. He sent for Sam to cut down the vines, but he reminded him that they were planted by your mother, and they were spared. He then ordered a young bloodhound to be got from the Grimston place, that the yard may be better guarded."

Bettina grew pale.

"Did—did he suspect the visit of last night, do you think, Nanty? Will he question me, too?"

"Mr. Carr spoke of robbers getting into the house, but from what he said to me I think he was more afraid of a clandestine effort on Gerald's part to see and speak with you than he was of burglars. He may speak of it to you, and I thought you had better be prepared."

Bettina wrung her hands in great distress.

"And if he does what am I to say? Must I lie to him in addition to the deception I have so long carried on against him? Oh, Nanty! I sometimes think I had better throw myself on his mercy, and tell him how deeply I have been sinned against by the man who is now ready to drag me away and

make me his slave, in spite of my unwillingness to acknowledge the tie that binds us in such bitter bondage. If I had not a faint hope that Gerald may relent and take the freedom I offer him I would try and screw up my courage to the point of confession."

After a pause, Mrs. Ronald said:

"Since it has been so long delayed the confession might injure more than it would serve your cause. No—we must let things take their course for the next week, and then we shall know what we have to depend on. Besides the sudden shock to your father might have a very serious effect on him. You have always thought of him before yourself and you must continue to do so."

"Always—always," murmured the poor girl, as the door closed on her friend. "Was ever any creature punished for an involuntary fault as I am, I wonder? It seems to me that I am the sport of a terrible fate from which there is no escape."

Lissa came in, and, an hour later, Bettina stood before her mirror wondering if the brilliant figure reflected in it in full dinner costume could really be the sad, dreary-looking creature who had looked out at her from its depths for so many months past.

She found herself suddenly aroused from the despairing apathy which had been eating into her soul so long—colour had come back to her face, brightness to her eyes; her heart bounded with re-awakened hope; why, she could never have explained, unless it was that a limit was put to her uncertainty concerning her future fate, and come what, come what in the end, she would make the most of the few days of freedom left to her to feel that she was still the mistress of her father's home and the idol of his heart.

She wore a heavy, dark blue silk made with long pointed waist, with voluminous skirts flowing from it, looped up in a pannier behind; the sleeves were tight to the arm, reaching only so far as the elbow, and were finished with deep lace ruffles of exquisite fineness.

On her small feet she wore slippers to match the dress, with pointed toes and very high heels, and these were laced over embroidered silk stockings.

Her dark, abundant hair was dressed high on her head, and powdered just enough to impart softness to the creamy tint of her complexion, and a single rose crowned the braids which had been so deftly built up by Lissa's skilful fingers.

Large pearls encircled her throat and arms, and she carried in her hand an immense fan made of white silk and ornamented with wreaths and bouquets of flowers.

Over her shoulders was thrown a small lace shawl crossed upon the bosom in front and fastened with a breast-pin containing a miniature of her father set in pearls.

Bettina knew that she was dressed in the height of the fashion of that day, and she viewed herself in the mirror with the natural complacency of a graceful and eminently attractive young woman whose eyes herself in a becoming toilet for the first time in many months.

Lissa admiringly said:

"I 'clar', Miss Betty, you looks almost good enough to eat."

"How long since you turned cannibal, Lissa?" asked her young lady, with a laugh, which seemed so natural that she half-started at the unusual sound, and the girl giggled, and said:

"I dunno 'bout can't, Miss Betty, but I've mon-gous glad to see dat you's comin' back to yourself again. You's bin a mopin' round till the people on de place bin axin of each other what had come over you since you made dat visit to Miss Manly, and had dat long spell o' sickness arter you come home. 'Till dis hour I've never seen you look like yourself since; no, not a bit."

A flood of colour swept over Bettina's face, and suddenly faded away.

She almost brusquely said:

"It is impertinent in the people to comment on me, or on my looks. After such an illness as mine, no wonder that I looked badly for a long time. I have quite recovered now, that is all."

Disconcerted by the unusual severity of her young lady's tones, Lissa could only say:

"I beg your pardon, missy, an' de people's pardon, too, for they didn't mean anything wrong by speakin' 'bout de change what come over you arter you went to see Miss Charlotte. I've allers been sorry dat you didn't take me wif you dat time. Mebbe I'd have took de dreadful cold that made you sick so long."

"I wish, with all my heart, that you had gone with me," exclaimed Bettina, with energy. "If you had, oh! how different things might—must have turned out for me. Oh, dear, what nonsense I am talking—I had Charlotte's maid to wait on me, and

I had every attention I needed. Don't be so vain as to fancy that I cannot get along without you, Lissa. I think very highly of you, but you are not indispensable."

"Thank you, Miss Betty; that's your way—you put me down, then lift me up, only to put me down agin; an' I've made you look so pretty today too. I has made de best of you, as I tole yer pa I would. He spoke to me 'bout your dress, an' I knows why fas' enough; but 'twon't be no use his gettin' that other gompia here. Somebody else came back to de neighbourhood yistiddy, an' ef anybody rides de winning horse on dis track, I reckon he's de one."

The girl had been reared with Bettina, and she had always been allowed a freedom of speech not often found between mistress and maid under any regime, either slave or free.

She was often listened to with amusement, but to-day her freedom only produced annoyance.

"What is that you dare to say?" asked her young lady, sharply. "I think you risk a great deal, talking to me of my own affairs in this way. If the person you refer to wins the race, it will be without my consent, I can tell you. He is the last creature on earth that I ever wish to see again."

She spoke impulsively, almost passionately, all the wrong and misery she had suffered at the hands of Denham rising up before her, intensifying her anger that her future was looked on as settled by those who were so deeply interested in the choice she might make. The girl regarded her with dilating eyes, and after a frightened pause, faltered:

"I beg your pardon, missy, ef I've said anything out'n de way. You allers lets me talk, you know, an' I thought you'd like to know that we dem' (meaning de plantation negroes) "was mightily pleased to think dat somebody you likes better'n yer pa does, has come back agin, and would likely carry things afore him more than he did de fust time he axed for you."

Her young lady contemptuously replied:

"Then 'we dem' are very much mistaken, that is all I have to say; and do you never dare to speak to me in this way again. If you are impertinent enough to speculate on my preferences you shall not come to me and repeat what others say of my affairs. They do not concern either you or the people, and if the man you adore because he is handsome and gracious in manner could ever become your master, you would soon find out that he would grind you into the dust as he has others who are far above you and yours."

Bettina had entirely lost her usual self-control, and after giving way to her anger she felt humiliated and disgusted with herself. She feared, too, that she had said too much, for Lissa was shrewd as she was talkative, and might understand more than was desirable.

The girl did not venture to offer a reply, and after an uncomfortable pause Bettina turned to leave the room, saying as she did so:

"I am not angry with you, Lissa, but I shall be if I hear that you have joined in, or repeated plantation gossip again; so beware."

She closed the door and went into Mrs. Ronald's room to be admired and wondered over, feeling herself very much as if she had been rearranged from a long, enchanted sleep, filled with terrible dreams from which her true knight had to deliver her. She could not understand how, or why it was, but a feeling of rest and confidence came to her with the very consciousness of Clayton's presence near her.

She might be nothing to him, after all, she told herself, but only now had she begun to comprehend how much this man had always been to her, even while she fancied herself enthralled by Denham.

Now that the false glamour had passed away, and she saw Gerald as he really was, her one passionate desire was to escape from his power by any means that were not utterly disgraceful. She found herself resentfully saying to her own heart:

"So base a man shall not ruin my life for ever. There is such a thing as divorce; in my case it would be regarded as right even by the most straight-laced. Oh, if—if—if—What am I thinking? What daring to dream of?"

In the meantime, a single visitor was ascending the winding road leading past the lazy hall, and the boat had shot onward on its way to Alexandria.

A man six feet in height, with the well-knit thighs and sinews of one accustomed to active exercise all his life, and with the assured, free bearing which is the result of such training, came up the ascent with long and easy strides which soon enabled him to reach the level ground above.

His bronzed face was lit up with a softer smile than was often seen on it, and his eagle glance scanned every well-known object with that eagerness which proved that something more interesting was looked for than houses and trees.

Colonel Clayton was a handsome, fully matured man of thirty-one, with that calm, self-poised expression which won the confidence of weaker natures at a glance.

He was a man capable of weighing all sides of a question, and of deciding quickly and without misgiving, as to what was best to be done in any crisis which approached him. As an officer this faculty had made him invaluable to his commander, and in private life it was no less esteemed by those who knew him intimately.

He wore the uniform of the Continentals, dark blue with buff facings, and he had a military chapeau on his head, the hair of which was combed back, powdered, and plaited into a small one at the back of his neck.

As he came in sight of the lazy hall an expression of disappointment came over his expressive face, though he took off his hat and waved it to the old friend who was waiting there to receive him. But while doing so he discontentedly muttered:

"I think Lady Bird might have been there too. She is no longer a child, but I do hope that she is not so full of young lady airs as to treat her old friend with indifference. It is greatly, I dare say, but I have thought of her and her mother's promise every day of the last seven years, and I have come now to claim the little wife engaged to me so long ago."

The two gentlemen met with a hand-grip that was almost painful, and Mr. Carr said, with emotion:

"Welcome, Randolph, from the turmoil of war; but, so far as I can see, not a scar mars the manly beauty bestowed on you as an expression of the noble and true soul within. My dear boy, I am thankful, but my heart is too full to find many words at this moment."

"Words are not necessary to assure me of your kindly feeling to me, Mr. Carr. Relying on it, I seized the first moment to come to you without ceremony. In two more days the commander-in-chief will be at Mount Vernon, on a flying visit to his family, and I obtained leave to precede him, that I might come hither for a few days."

"Right, right, and if your own father were living he could not be more proud and happy to see you than I am. How glad I am that you are as handsome as ever, Randolph."

"Meaning, I suppose, that you are glad I have not been hacked and battered into a real veteran by this time. I have not escaped scatheless, but luckily for me, my scars can be hidden by my clothing. But where is Lady Bird? I thought she would be one of the first to fly out to welcome me, as she used to in old days. I must remember, though, that she was a child then, and she is a young lady now; seven years make a world of difference between a fairy of twelve and a princess of nineteen."

A slight shadow swept over the father's face, and he hesitated as if uncertain what reply to make; but he finally said:

"Of course, of course, Betty has grown out of that gay impulsiveness which once made her so charming. She is as lovely and as sweet to me as ever, but to you she may seem greatly changed. Of one thing I am sure, however, the child estimates you as highly as ever; she has followed your career in the army with all her natural enthusiasm, and rejoiced in every distinction that came to you. You are her hero, there is no doubt of that."

In spite of this sweet flattery, a frown gathered on the brows of Clayton, and he abruptly asked:

"What can have produced the change you speak of? Oh, I hope she has had no love passages in her short life. Mr. Carr—that she is heart-whole, and ready to respond to a genuine affection when it is offered her. You know my hopes—have known them for years, dear sir—therefore I may speak thus in the first hour of our meeting."

After a brief hesitation the old gentleman said:

"Perfect candour has always been the rule between us, Clayton, and in this instance it is more imperative than ever before, though I speak very reluctantly. A singular change has come over my daughter. I date it from the visit made to me by that young kinsman of mine of whom you know something."

"Good heavens! I hope there is no entanglement with him," exclaimed Clayton, changing colour even under his bronzed complexion. "It would be bad enough to lose my dream-wife, without giving her up to such a man as Gerald Denham is. Do you know that he deserted his own people, and has been acting for us in the capacity of a spy?"

"I knew the first and suspected the last. But have no apprehensions on the score of his winning Betty. All chance of that has now passed away, thank Heaven; but at one time I thought it would be otherwise. She was very young when Denham,



came hither, and of course very ally and romantic. His beauty, gay spirits, and fascinating manners carried her away for a time, and I thought I would have to give up my own wishes with regard to her future. But I made them promises to wait till I could hear from England, and the reply to my inquiries was such that I put a stop to the whole affair."

"Did she seem to mind it very much?" asked Clayton, with a curious sinking of the voice. "I mean, did she take the disappointment greatly to heart?"

"Well—yes, I am afraid she did. She had a long spell of illness, and, of course, she came out of it saddened and older than her years. But of late she seems to be more like her old self, and I can assure you, with perfect sincerity, that so far from caring for Gerald Denham now, she has declared to me that she never wishes to set her eyes on him again. Something he has done has so completely disenchanted her that she no longer cares for him at all."

The listener drew a long breath and said: "I hope she does not deceive herself in that; but she will soon have the opportunity of judging, for Denham has returned to this neighbourhood with the intention of communicating with her, no doubt. Are you aware that he was allowed to become the bearer of private despatches to Mrs. Washington? He has won his way to the good opinion of the general, in spite of the capacity in which he was employed. I heard, just before leaving Yorktown, that Denham had fallen heir, or become heir-apparent, to an English fortune, and had been summoned home. He has come to this neighbourhood, no doubt, that he may tempt Bettina to go with him. But how he is to make his peace with his own countrymen, and be allowed to dwell among honourable men, I cannot tell."

"He will certainly never induce my daughter to bear the name he has dishonoured," said Mr. Carr, proudly. "If I thought she would even listen to such a proposal I would cast her off and disown her for ever."

"Hush, hush, dear friend; do not even utter such a threat in connection with Bettina. Thanks for the confidence you have reposed in me. It was right that I should know this, but it has not altered my intention to woo and win your daughter, if it is possible to do so. She shall have the choice between a true man and one made after a false pattern as nature ever blundered into. If I cared far less for my Lady Bird than I do, I would still make an effort to save her from becoming the prey of a human vampire like Gerald Denham. But I love her—I have never ceased to do so since her bright childhood, or to regard her as a precious gift from her mother."

The two shook hands cordially, and the father said:

"Only take her to your heart, and make her forget her early folly, and I shall be the happiest of men."

## CHAPTER VIII.

CLAYTON'S desire to see Bettina without delay faded before her father's revelation.

He wished to have time to reconcile himself to the change he was warned that he should find in her, and to put aside the disagreeable feelings which arose in spite of himself, that to so base a man as he considered Gerald Denham she owed the unhappiness which had clouded her life.

The dinner hour was three, and the two friends sat talking earnestly together on both public and private affairs until the dinner-bell summoned them to the house half an hour before the repast was served, that the guest might have time to make any alterations in his toilet which he might deem necessary.

Clayton, however, had no such alteration to make, having carefully dressed himself before landing.

His valise he had sent up by one of the boys always found at the landing when anything was going on, and it was safely deposited in the principal guest chamber.

Bettina had waited and wondered at their long delay, but she would not show herself in her fine dress in the garish light of day, and she sat listlessly in the reception-room, trying to form some plan of escape from the toils that encompassed her.

In spite of her efforts to control her thoughts, a bright dream of what might have been arose before her, and held her enthralled till the sound of the dinner-bell startled her into sudden consciousness of the unlawful wandering of her own thoughts.

She was bound—she was a miserable captive to a man without mercy; and even if she could be extricated from his power, would she not be too deeply

disgraced to hope that any honourable man would ever seek her as his wife?

Bitter was the humiliation that assailed her at this thought, and a torrent of crimson shame overspread her face and neck, though she managed to keep back the tears that sprang to her eyes.

Voices were heard approaching, and Bettina made a desperate effort to regain calmness before the guest appeared. Fortune favoured her, for Mrs. Ronald encountered him in the hall and detained him several moments, offering him welcome and congratulations on the successful campaign which was just ended, in which he had borne a prominent part.

When the three entered Bettina arose with effort and came forward, alternately paling and flushing, and held out her hand, vainly trying to utter the words which came to her trembling lips.

Clayton took the hand in both of his own, and looked down on her with tender, beaming eyes which told her in this first moment of meeting that she was dearer, more important in his estimation than any other living creature.

Her own eyes were held spell-bound a moment, and a soft smile trembled on the sweet mouth as she recovered composure enough to say:

"We are all glad to see you, Colonel Clayton, and we feel honoured that to us your first visit is made after you were released from duty."

"We!" he reproachfully repeated. "Can you not speak for yourself, Miss Carr? or have I lost my pretty, wayward Bettina only to find a young lady modelled after the most approved fashionable style? I have been hoping for a frank and generous welcome from yourself such as you vouchsafed to me in years gone by when I came unheralded to Carmora, though I am not so audacious to expect the kiss so freely granted then."

Bettina flushed crimson again, and extricating her hands from his, said with some embarrassment, though she smiled with something of her old regularity:

"You must not bring up my old hoidenish ways as a reproach to me now that I have been drilled out of them, thanks to Mrs. Ronald there. I spoke for all of us, but I hardly believe that you will think my welcome to you is less warm and genuine than that of papa and Nanny."

"Of course he'll not doubt it," said Mr. Carr, bluntly. "Randolph knows that this house is his second home, and if I could have my own way it should be his only one from this time forth; and he knows, too, that you are as glad to have him among us again as I am, though you may coquet a little at first."

At her father's words Bettina grew very pale, though they only foreshadowed what she intuitively knew was coming before many days were allowed to pass away. In spite of her dismay there was one little gleam of comfort which consoled her, though she believed it to be wicked to accept.

Clayton was faithful to the mock pledges he had given her in her childhood, and if she were only free to accept him, supreme happiness might yet be hers.

"Why not free herself?" she asked mentally. That course would be her only salvation. And her spirits regained sudden buoyancy; the power to control herself came back as if by magic; she spoke and smiled with her old arch sweetness, and both father and lover forgave her first stiffness and thought her charming.

Mrs. Ronald bustled away to see about the grand dinner which had been prepared for so many, and was to be served in the state dining-room in honour of only one, and the three, left together, sat down and talked over other days till each one forgot the lapse of time, and, for a season, ignored all that had come between them since.

When the summons to dinner at last came, each one arose reluctantly, and Clayton offered his arm to the young lady of the house to conduct her to the feast, which astonished him when he saw how liberal it was.

"Upon my honour, Mr. Carr, you must have expected a battalion with me," said he, laughing, as he looked down the long extent of the table loaded with every delicacy that the country afforded; "or you must have given me credit for a most omnivorous appetite, if all this was prepared for me."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I did expect a crowd of people would gather here to-day to talk over affairs, and I told Cousin Nancy to be prepared for them. No one came but you, but as you are a whole team in yourself, it doesn't matter much. When we are through, the surplus shall be distributed among the negroes, and they will welcome you all the more heartily when they know they owe you a fine dinner."

Mrs. Ronald raised her voice and spoke from the far end of the table, where she sat in solitary state. Mr. Carr, his daughter and their guest having seated themselves at the opposite end.

"I would have had the table shortened, colonel, and only enough for us served; but Cousin Robert had given orders for a grand dinner, and I thought he might not like it if I stinted his feast."

"That was right, Nancy. I am a martinet, and always like to have orders obeyed."

After the brief blessing had been asked, without which no meal was ever eaten in that house, the three servants in attendance offered everything in turn to the small company.

"It is long time since I sat down to so bountiful a board," said Clayton, "and I, at least, shall enjoy the good things provided with as much gusto as can be desired. I am very hungry, and I mean to do justice to Laura's skill as a cook. When on short rations I have often thought of her made dishes, and wished we had as good a caterer in camp."

The conversation then drifted to his soldier-life, and many vivid stories were told which held the listeners almost spell-bound.

It was late when they rose from the table, and as his guest refused to sit over the wine, Mr. Carr ordered a choice bottle to be taken with glasses into the parlour and placed on a table.

In listening to Clayton, Bettina had quite forgotten herself and her troubles, pressing as they were.

She laughed at some of his stories, shivered over others, and no longer wondered at Desdemona's infatuation for the Moor, repulsive as it had hitherto been to her.

His eloquent tongue and manly bearing had made her forget his dusky skin and different race, and this man, with his masterful way and great magnetism, had already established a power over her which she felt it impossible to resist.

Ah! why had she married her own destiny by encouraging the attentions of a lover who had taken such base advantage of her childish passion for him?

And with a sigh rising from the depths of her heart, she arose from the table and allowed Clayton to take her hand and lead her from the room.

The night was warm and clear, and Mr. Carr sat on the veranda to smoke his evening pipe, leaving his daughter to entertain the visitor, while he built castles in the air which those two were to inhabit in the years to come, happily unconscious how soon they were to be shattered into fragments by a revelation as unexpected as terrible.

Like one in a dream of enchantment, Bettina gave herself up to the influence which floated around her as a charmed atmosphere.

She asked herself if she had fallen in love at first sight with the friend who had been so long separated from her?—who had been almost jilted by her, and had certainly been thought of only as the friend of her parents; who had petted her in happy childhood, but to whom she owed nothing save kindly remembrance.

She was struck with many things Clayton said which chimed with her own fancies, and a vague, delicious feeling came to her that she belonged of right to him, who seemed to comprehend every turn of her thoughts, every emotion of her mind; who with each passing moment drew her nearer to himself by some strange, magnetic charm she found it impossible to resist.

Unconsciously she looked up into his face, with all her heart mirrored in her expressive eyes as he told of some hair-breadth escape which moved her to the depths of her being, and she was not surely to blame if he misinterpreted that interest into something favourable to himself, and the cause he had come there to plead.

Clayton had loved her from her infancy as a pet and plaything; as she grew older, and the thought was suggested to him that in the fulness of time the fairy that enchanted him would mature into a creature not too bright or good for human needs, and that she might be wooed to come to him as the sharer of his life, and the bright spirit of his future home, he had never for one moment relinquished the intention to make her his own at a proper time.

Admired and courted by women, he could have made more than one brilliant marriage if he had listened to the voice of the tempter; but the childish face that arose before him at such times seemed to forbid such fancies, and he had clung to the wife of his dreams promised him by the fair woman who had loved and cherished him as her own son.

As a boy, he had worshipped Mrs. Carr as the incarnation of all that was sweet and lovable in woman, and to her daughter he transferred that homage after a few hours of association with her with a facility that surprised himself.

"I will make her forget that she ever cast one passing thought on that fellow, worthless scamp as he is!" was his mental resolve; while Bettina was saying to herself:

"I will surrender myself this one evening to the

charm that enthralled me, and not allow one thought or regret to wander to my wretched position. The condemned sleep on the eve of execution, and I will have one gleam of sunshine, at least, before I am called on to give up all that I hold dear in life for a creature who will trample on me, who will despise me for yielding to his despotic will, yet whom I dare not oppose."

As she thus thought a faint cloud shadowed her brow, and Clayton paused abruptly and asked:

"What have I said that annoys you, Betty? May I call you Betty, as I did in the old days? Sweet, sweet days they are to remember, when you fearlessly sprang into my arms and asked of me most unreasonable things sometimes; but you can bear witness for me that I never refused what could be granted without detriment to yourself."

Bettina smiled and the happy light came back to her eyes, as these dangerous memories were evoked.

She softly replied as she looked into his earnest eyes:

"You may call me anything that brings back the memory of that happy time, when mamma was with us, and I was safe under her vigilant care. Oh, if she had only lived! what a blessing it would have been for me."

He lifted her hand, and lightly touched it with her lips, held it imprisoned in both his own, as he softly said:

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, Betty—my Betty, as I have so long regarded you; am I too presumptuous in using the possessive pronoun? or too premature in speaking thus so soon after our reunion? Why do you start away from me and grow pale even to your lips, when I merely intimate my purpose of coming hither to-day? It was that I might forestall others, Betty, for you will be wooed by many when you enter society, and become known for the lovely traits of your mind and person."

She had indeed grown pale with dread at the precipitate declaration she had drawn on herself by the deep interest she evidently took in all that concerned him.

Bettina shivered with apprehension at her own imprudence, and making a violent struggle for calmness, hastened to say:

"I have been very thoughtless, and I beg your pardon if I have drawn you on to make a declaration to me, such—such as you have just spoken. Of course it can mean nothing, but I cannot listen to such language. The lovers you predict will never come to me, for I am one set aside by destiny. I shall, if I consult my own inclinations, live for my dear father, and accept no tie that will sever me from him. Do not utter such language again, Colonel Clayton, for indeed—indeed I cannot consent to listen to it."

"And why not?" he asked, regarding her fixedly. "What destiny is it that sets you aside from love and happiness? That is a riddle that must be solved before I give up the hopes that brought me hither. You may trust me, Bettina, for I will not betray your confidence. I love you, dear child, as I have never loved any other human being. I would protect you even from yourself, if, as I fear, you have rushed into some romantic entanglement you fear to confess to your father. I know I have heard something which makes my heart ache for you, but I thought fancy for a bad man had passed from your young life, and that a worthier love might replace it. I did not hope for the first love of your maiden heart, but I have vowed to myself to win from you a deeper and truer affection than such as he is could ever inspire. No pure woman can cling to a base and unprincipled man; when women commit such folly there is some affinity in the two natures, you may be sure."

Bettina had sunk back, faint and sick, unable to evade the piercing eyes which seemed to be reading her very soul, and incapable of interrupting the torrent of words intended to reassure her, yet which plunged her more deeply into depths of despair.

When he at last paused she could only find voice to ask, in tremulous accents:

"What have you heard of me? To whom do you refer?"

"Must I name the man to you? No, I think not. I have heard only that he would have married you but for the opposition of your father; that you gave him up because he was proved unworthy of you. Oh, my darling! do not ruin your life and mine from some fancied nonsense about fidelity to a first love. How can you, after all this time, think of him except with scorn and disgust?"

With sudden impulsiveness Bettina cried out:

"As Heaven is my witness, those are the only feelings I have for the person you refer to. Do not fancy that I cherish one romantic illusion concerning him. No, no; I see him as he is, and even the thought of him is odious."

A light of joy, hope, ineffable love came into Clayton's face, and clasping her in his strong arms he fervently said:

Then I claim my own. His shadow was all that stood between us, and that exorcised, your consent to marry me must speedily be won. I will give you time. I will not press for a speedy union, Betty. You shall bury the dead love; and when flowers bloom above its grave, then I will ask you to think of my devotion, and give me its fitting reward."

For a moment she lay impassive on his breast, a feeling of rest and shelter creeping over her which she could neither analyse nor understand. Then suddenly tearing herself from his embrace, she cried out:

"No, no, no; there can be no such understanding as that between you and me. I am bound by a vow that I may not break; a vow that links me to misery; yet I dare not forget it. My father must not know this, for it would break his heart; but it is true. You must not tell him; if you do I will never forgive you. Oh, idiot that I am, to let you wile this confession from me, to permit you to approach me as a lover at all."

She stopped, breathless and panting with excitement.

Clayton had risen from his seat beside her, and he now looked down on her with infinite compassion in his glance. He quietly said:

"You need a friend more sorely than I thought when I offered just now to stand in that position towards you. Bettina, your heart spoke in my favour just now; I know it, for I felt its pulsation against my own, and I understood the message it sent thrilling through every nerve in my body. The man who bound you by that vow is less to you at this hour than I am; then what is the source of his influence over you? Speak the truth fearlessly, dear girl, and I promise to extricate you from his power, and give you back the right to control your own fate."

By this time she was weeping convulsively, and all he could obtain in reply was:

"You must not betray what I have told you to papa. Promise me that, and I will believe that I may trust you. Promise me, for he must not know how helpless and unhappy I am."

He gravely replied:

"I will tell him nothing till I know more myself. If you are helpless, confide in me, and I will do for you all, and more, than your father can. What more can I say? Bettina, if Gerald Denham has established any hold on you, your father cannot know it too soon. In seeking to spare him, you may bring irreparable ruin on yourself. I must believe that you exaggerate. Such a man as Denham can have no claim on you that cannot easily be set aside."

"Oh, let me alone! give me time to think! All this has come on me so suddenly that I feel like one walking in a maze. Only remember this—you are not to speak of love again to me, nor take it for granted that I care more for you than I always did, because I was frightened just now when you caught me in your arms so suddenly. Give me a week—only one week—and then I will tell you all."

He pitied her agitation, and bewildered as he was, consented to the delay she asked.

"I have no right to force you to confession," he gravely said, "but the longer it is delayed the more difficult you will find it. If I can serve you at all, it had better be done promptly, for I know more of the man you seem to dread than you do, and a more unscrupulous deceiver does not live."

"I know that—I have good cause to believe it," she said, in a faint tone, with her eyes cast down, unable to meet the calm, sorrowful gaze that rested upon her.

A movement was heard in the hall, and hastily wiping the tears from her eyes, Bettina prepared to assume calmness in the presence of her father, who came in, looking well pleased with the imaginary settlement of his daughter's affairs which he had been so busily making.

(To be Continued.)

## HOME.

How many cherished and sacred associations cluster around the little word—home.

Its depth of meaning is unfathomable, for all that the heart holds dear upon earth is centered in it, and it breathes of rest, of comfort, and of loved ones, as it whispers to the weary toiler of a retreat from the busy, bustling world, where the heart can unburden its trials and perplexities, and receive sympathy and encouragement, and where the over-wrought brain can relax, and acquire fresh strength for life's conflict.

Home! The word rings like music in the ears of the traveller in a foreign land, and his eye grows brighter, and his heart beats faster, as visions of his own loved home beyond the seas arise before him, and his homesick spirit is cheered in the joyful anticipations of again clasping his wife and little ones to his breast, and of resting from the toil and tumult of business within the sacred precincts of home.

As daylight is fading, and the shadows of night are creeping on, as the street lamps are being lit, and tired feet are wending their way homeward, little children climb to the windows, and press their eager faces against the window-panes to watch for papa coming home; and when the well-known form turns the corner, and appears in sight, happy voices cry:

"Here's papa! here's papa!"

Then follows a scrambling down from the chairs and window-sills, and a scampering to the hall door, each one clamorous for the first kiss; and as the tired man, whose spirit has been harassed all day at the manifestations of his debtors to defraud him, and the desire of those with whom he has had dealings to overreach him, enters his home, he realises that there is after all such a thing as disinterested love and friendship in this world of ours.

And after the evening meal has been partaken of, and the family gather to the cosy sitting-room, where the father, seated in his arm-chair, with a little one on his knee, relates the story of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," which is listened to with deep interest and admiration, and the happy wife and mother rocks baby and hums a soft lullaby, while a bright smile rests upon her features; and as the man gazes upon his household treasures, he realises that the family constitutes a little world of itself, entirely separate and distinct from the great, bustling, outside world. And if from sunrise until sunset his hours are full of toil:

"The night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away." E. C.

## SCIENCE.

### BLEACHING SILK AND WOOL.

THE methods now in use for bleaching silk, wool, and all animal fibres, such as sulphurous acid, alkalies, soap, &c., are so imperfect that Tessié du Motay has patented the following process, involving the use of binoxide of barium, with or without the addition of permanganates. The binoxide of barium is pulverised and subjected to the action of carbonic acid to remove any unconverted caustic baryta present. It is then thrown into boiling water, and after the bath has partially cooled the materials to be bleached are to be introduced and the bath kept at a temperature of 86° Fah. to 194° Fah. for two hours; silk from wild silkworms requiring a higher temperature than wool, goat's hair, and the like. It is then taken out and washed, put into an acid bath, then washed again. If necessary, the barium bath is repeated, as also the subsequent washings. If this second bath of binoxide of barium does not produce the requisite whiteness, it is introduced into a solution of permanganic acid or permanganate of magnesia before the last washing.

Binoxide of Barium, BaO<sub>2</sub>, is made by subjecting the oxide or caustic baryta, BaO, to a stream of oxygen or common air at a high temperature. Its bleaching action is probably due to the formation of peroxide of hydrogen in solution in the bath.

### COATING ENGRAVED COPPER PLATES WITH STEEL.

In order to render copper plates which are used in printing more durable they can be covered with an electrolytic deposit of iron which possesses an unusual degree of hardness almost superior to steel. The salt usually employed has been the double sulphate of iron and ammonia. Professor Bottger, who first invented this process, has recently devised an improvement in the bath employed. He dissolves 10 parts of ferrocyanide of potassium (yellow prussiate of potash) and 20 parts of the double tartrate of soda and potash (Rochelle salts) in 200 parts of water, and to this he adds 3 parts of persulphate of iron dissolved in 50 parts of water. A large precipitate of Prussian blue is formed. To the whole is added, drop by drop, with constant stirring, a solution of caustic soda until the blue precipitate entirely disappears, leaving a perfectly clear, light yellow liquid, which is now ready for use.

Professor Bottger also claims that this solution can be employed with advantage for dyeing cotton yarn



and fabrics a beautiful blue, without the use of a mordant. For this purpose the goods are put into the bath, that has previously been slightly warmed, until they are saturated through and through, and then dried in the air, after which they are immersed in extremely dilute sulphuric acid (1 to 50), which neutralises the alkali, and after washing and drying again they are permanently dyed a fine blue colour.

### I WISH I WASN'T A MAN.

I wish I wasn't a man, and thank goodness I have my wish.

Why any woman alive should wish to be a man for a moment I can't imagine.

We women have many things to be thankful for, and among the number for belonging to the feminine gender.

I am sure I thank my stars daily that I don't belong to the "whiskered lords of creation."

(Brother Dick, peeping over my shoulder, says, he is sure I tried hard enough to belong to one of them, but he is nothing but a boy, and misunderstands things.)

I wouldn't like to be a man and have to go to see "my girl," rain or shine, and find her sitting in the parlour looking as placid and serene as if there was no such thing as rain or mud, making one look as limp and spiritless as a wilted cabbage plant.

I wouldn't like to be a man and have to pop the question to some stately, dignified young lady who pretended to be perfectly unconscious of what you were "driving at," while you stutter and turn red in the face, and stammer out some unintelligible jargon, entirely forgetting the beautiful and elegant language which you had been practising on for the last week—with nobody for an audience—and which you were sure she could not resist.

She looks up innocently, asks if you are not well, and fears you have some fever, your face is so red. You know no more what reply to make than a monkey would, and are certain that you look about as ridiculous as that animal, and are not sure but there is something in the Darwinian theory after all. You return home, determined to practice another week, and try it all over again, which you accordingly do the following Sunday, rendering yourself intelligible this time, though you did flounder considerably during the process.

For all this martyrdom you have undergone you receive in return a decided "No."

"Am very sorry—like you as a friend—am much obliged for the honour, etc."

The only comfort you have is, that she saved you from the terrible ordeal of speaking to that flinty-hearted old man, her father.

I wouldn't like to be a man and have to stand—no matter how tired—when there were ladies to be seated, or hear some one exclaim:

"What a brute!"

I shouldn't like to be a man, and have to wait three mortal hours for a woman to dress, fuming and fretting all the time; and when you sarcastically ask if she is ready so soon (?) receiving the exasperating reply:

"Yes, dear, I hurried for fear we would miss the train, and I knew you were anxious to hear Phillip's lecture, and this may be your only opportunity for so doing."

Of course you miss the train—you knew you would and told her so.

Here a sob checks you, and the cause of all this trouble tells you she is sure it isn't her fault; she hurried all she could; and you never used to scold when you came to take her out riding when she lived with papa, no matter how long she was dressing. As this argument is unanswerable you kiss her and keep your disappointed feelings to yourself.

And is there a woman in the universe that would like to be a man, and wear the same fashion time indefinite. If there is a travelling showman has no greater curiosity in his hippodrome.

I shouldn't like to be a man and stand in such dread of stepping on a lady's train in all crowded assemblies, though why a lady should object so seriously to that contretemps, after said train having swept the streets, where dust and dirt mingle freely, I never could understand.

I wouldn't like to be a man, and have to vote—or hide—when for the life of me I couldn't tell which was the best party—or rather worst. And if one should happen to change his opinion and turn over to the popular side be called a "turn-coat," "renegade," and other opprobrious epithets.

And last but by no means least, I wouldn't be a

man and read the political papers—containing all the abuse that politicians throw at each other.

I suppose I would have to, and bear all these disagreeable things, were I a man, and many more besides.

And how much nicer to be a woman, especially an attractive one, as is the author of this article.—G. E.

## THE FORREST HOUSE;

OR,

### EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

ROSSIE did not bear the news very well, although she was in some degree prepared for it by the card which Axie brought her. Axie had handed it at once to her with the comment that "she didn't know more'n the dead who Mrs. J. E. Forrest was, for ole Mars'r hadn't no noar kin that ever she heard tell on, and Mars'r Everard wan't married, shore."

"Mrs. J. E. Forrest—Mrs. J. E. Forrest," Rosamond repeated, as she raised herself in bed, and examined the card, while something undefinable, like the shadow of coming evil, began to stir her heart. "Who can she be, and where did she come from? You say she had a maid?"

"Yes, or suffin' like dat—a quar lookin' woman, who looks afeared of her life, and has a lame hand. I noticed the way she slung the lady's satchel over it, and it kinder hung alimpsy like."

"How does the lady look, and what did she say? Tell me everything," Rosamond said.

And Axie, who began to have a suspicion that the lady was not altogether welcome, and whose mind was dwelling on the bit of bacon and the dinner she must get up, replied:

"She dun squabble fast thing wid the driver, who ax more for fetchin' and liftin' her four big trunks, an' she hold up her gown and walk as ef the ground wasn't good enough for her pretty little feet, an' she looked round de room kind o' sniffin' like, wid her nose turned up a bit as she axed me was thar no fire whar she could get wum, an' she spoke as ef thar or to been a roaster ready for her. But my, she be very hansom, an' no mistake. All in black, with such nice skin and pretty eyes, wid dem great long lashes, yer know, like Miss Beatrice. Yes, she be mighty pretty, shore."

Rossie could deny herself everything, but she was never indifferent to the comfort of others, and though she could not help feeling that this woman, who called herself Mrs. J. E. Forrest, would in some way work her harm, she could understand just how cold and cheerless the house must seem to her on that rainy day, and she at once ordered Axie to build fires in both the rooms below as well as in the chamber, where Everard occasionally spent a night, and which was the only best room she kept in order.

There was also a consultation on the important subject of dinner, which Axie was told to make as inviting as possible, and then Rossie was left alone for a few moments to puzzle her brain as to who this woman could be, and wonder why her heart should feel so like lead, and her pulse beat so rapidly.

She did not have long to wait for a solution of the mystery before Mrs. Markham came in, showing at once that she was agitated and distressed.

If she believed the woman who was said she was Everard's wife, how she must pity the young girl whose flushed, eager face turned so quickly to her, and who said:

"What is it, Mrs. Markham? Who is she, this Mrs. J. E. Forrest? Is she any relation to Mr. Everard?"

It would be wrong to keep her in suspense a moment longer than was necessary, and going up to her Mrs. Markham said:

"Try and be a woman, Rossie, and if you care, don't let anyone know it but me. She says she is Everard's wife, and I have seen the certificate. They were married more than four years ago, before his mother died, and she—oh, Rossie, my child, my child, don't give way like that; it may be false, you know," she added, in alarm, as she saw the death-like pallor which spread like a pall over Rossie's face, and the look of bitter pain and even horror which leaped into her eyes, while the quivering lips

said: "His wife—Everard's wife? No, no, no."

"Don't Rossie—don't!" Mrs. Markham said again, as she passed her arm around the girl, whose head drooped upon her shoulder, in a hopeless kind of way, and who said:

"You saw the certificate? What was the name? Was it—"

"Fleming—Josephine Fleming, of Holburton," Mrs. Markham replied, and with a shiver which shook her from head to foot, Rossie drew herself away from Mrs. Markham's arms, and turning her face to the wall, said:

"Yes, I know. I understand it all. She is his wife. She is Joe Fleming."

After that she neither spoke nor moved, and when Mrs. Markham, alarmed at her silence, bent down to look at her, she found that she had fainted.

The shock had proved too great for Rossie, whose mind, at the mention of Josephine Fleming, had with lightning rapidity gathered all the tangled threads of the past, and comprehended what had been so mysterious at times in Everard's behaviour.

He was married, hastily, no doubt, but still married; and Joe Fleming, whom she had regarded as some dreadful, unprincipled man, to whom she had written a letter of remonstrance, and to whom she had sent the price of her hair, was his wife, and he had never told her, but suffered her to believe that he loved her just as she knew now that she loved him.

It was a bitter humiliation, and for an instant there gathered round her so thick a horror and blackness that she fancied herself dying, and almost hoped she was; but it was only a faint, and she lay so white and rigid that Mrs. Markham summoned Aunt Axie from the dining-room, where she was making preparations for kindling a fire in the kitchen.

"Be quiet," Mrs. Markham said to her, as she came up the stairs. "Miss Rossie has fainted, but don't let those people know it; and bring me some hot water for her feet, quick."

Axie obeyed, wondering to herself why her young mistress should faint, when she never knew her to do such a thing before, and with her ready wit connecting it in some way with the strangers whom Mrs. Markham had designated as "those people," and whom she directly set down as "no 'count folks."

It was some time before Rossie came back to consciousness, and when she did, her first words were:

"Where is she? Where is Everard's wife? Don't let her come in here; I could not bear it now."

"Everard's wife! Mars'r Everard's wife!" Axie repeated, tossing her turbaned head, and rolling up her eyes in astonishment. "In de deah Lord's name, what do de chille mean? Dat ain't Mars'r Everard's wife shore!"

She turned to Mrs. Markham, who, now that Rossie had betrayed what she would have kept until Everard came to confirm or deny the tale, replied:

"She says she is; but we must wait until Mr. Forrest comes before we admit it. So don't go to talking outside."

"Catch me talkin'," was Axie's rejoinder. "It's false. Mars'r Everard hain't got no wife. I should have knowed it if he had. Don't you b'lieve it, honey."

She laid her hard black hand caressingly on the head of the girl whom she had long since singled out as Everard's future wife, watching shrewdly the growing intimacy between the young people, and knowing better than they did just when the so-called brother merged into the lover, and she would not for a moment believe in another wife, and a secret one at that.

"No, honey," she continued, as she saw the tears on Rossie's cheeks, "don't you b'lieve it. Mars'r Everard hain't got no wife, and never will have, but you."

"Hush, Aunt Axie," Rossie said, "you must not speak that way. I shall never be anybody's wife. Certainly not Mr. Everard's. This woman tells the truth. She is his wife, and as such she must be made comfortable, and—"

Rossie could not say welcome, for Josephine was not welcome, but she must be treated well and kept there till Everard came, and then—Rossie hardly knew what then, her heart was so bruised and sore with sudden pain, mingled, it is true, with a shadowy hope that it might all be false.

"Everard ought to come home," she said to Mrs. Markham, after Axie had left the room. "Wouldn't it be well to telegraph at once? He is in Dighton still."

Mrs. Markham thought it would, and sitting down, wrote on a slip of paper:

"To Mr. J. E. FORREST, Dighton.  
"There is a woman here who calls herself your wife. Come immediately!"  
"S. MARKHAM."

"That will never do," Rossie said. "We must not publish his secret to the world. Just say, 'Come immediately,' and he will come."

Accordingly the telegram was changed, and Axie's granddaughter, Lois, who now lived in the house as a kind of waitress generally, was commissioned to take it to the office.

A fire had been kindled by this time in the chamber Josephine was to occupy, and she was there with Agnes and had rung for warm water, which Lois took up to her.

As the child was leaving the room, Josephine said to her:

"Is there a paper published in town?"

"Yes, 'm, the 'Star,'" was the reply.

"When does it come out?" was the next question, and Lois said:

"Saturday—to-morrow."

"Very well. That is just right. Now, Lois—I think you said that was your name—I wish you to take a notice to the office of the 'Star' for me to-night, and I will give you a shilling."

A shilling seemed a fortune to the little girl, who was greatly impressed with the beauty of the lady, and who replied:

"Yes, miss, I'll do 'em. It's twice to the village directly with a telegraph to Mrs. Everard, and I'll take your name too."

Between Josephine and Mrs. Markham there had been a second interview, of which I will speak hereafter, while old Axie had shown plainly what her feeling was, and Josephine had a presentiment that if these two women knew of the notice it might not reach its destination.

Accordingly she had recourse to deception, and said to Lois:

"You need not tell anyone you are to take it, but when you are ready come to my door and I will give it you."

"Yes, miss, I know," and Lois whom Mrs. Markham called a limb, and Aunt Axie a little Satan, nodded approvingly, as if she understood that there was something secret and underhanded going on, with which she was herself to be identified.

So, when, a little later, she started for the telegraph office, she bore with her to the 'Star' the following:

"MARRIED.—In Holburton, July 17, 18—, by the Rev. John Matthewson, James Everard Forrest, of Rothsay, and Miss Josephine Fleming, of Holburton."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEN Aunt Axie was called so suddenly by Mrs. Markham, she was kindling the fire in the dining-room which adjoined the room where Josephine sat shivering with cold, and feeling like anything but a happy wife just come to her husband's ancestral halls.

The halls were then, it is true, wide dreary halls; they seemed so to Josephine, who, tired with her journey, and disappointed and shocked by what she had heard from Mrs. Markham of the judge's will, was nearer giving way to a hearty cry than she had been before for a long, long time.

It had been far better to have stayed where she was and enjoyed the life she liked, than to have come here and subject herself to suspicion, and possibly to slights from the people who did not know her. And then, she was so cold and chilly, and uncomfortable generally. Would they never make a fire or pay her any attention?

"Better go to the hotel," she said to Agnes, just as she heard Axie in the adjoining room rattling at the grate, and knew that relief had come at last.

But Axie was called away and did not return, and looking into the dining-room through the open door, Josephine saw the kindlings and coal, and bade Agnes light the fire herself.

"There is no use in freezing," she said. "If they choose to treat us this way I will assert all the rights that ought to be mine."

So Agnes laid aside her shawl, and pinning up her dress knelt down before the grate, where a bright fire was soon blazing, its genial warmth making Josephine feel better as she drew an easy chair close to it, and assumed her usual indolent and lounging attitude.

Twice Axie, who seemed to be excited, passed the door, once when she was taking the hot water to Rossie's room, while Agnes was kindling the fire,

and again, later, after she had received an impression of the stranger against whom she had mentally declared war.

This time Josephine called her. She had heard an unusual stir above, and from Mrs. Markham's protracted absence, and Axie's evident haste, suspected that the bomb-shell she had thrown had taken effect, especially if, as she believed, Rosamond was particularly interested in Everard.

"Woman," she said, as the dark face glanced in, "what is your name? What shall I call you?"

"Axie, ma'am," was the crisp reply, and Josephine continued:

"Oh, yes, I have heard Mr. Forrest, my husband, speak of you, I am sure. I am very sorry he is not here to set matters right. What is the matter upstairs? Is anyone suddenly ill?"

Axie was bristling over with resentment towards this woman, who called Everard her husband so coolly, and in whom she would not believe till she had her master's word of confirmation. Still she must not be insolent; that was against her creed, but she answered with great dignity:

"I told you Miss Hastings's was sick when you first came. Her throat be very sore, an' her head mighty bad; so, you'll excuse me, now, I see you done make the fy yourselves."

And with a kind of suppressed snort Axie departed, jingling her keys and tossing her head high in the air.

Josephine knew perfectly well how she was regarded in the house, and, irritated and chagrined, decided at once upon her policy.

She should be very amiable and sweet, of course, but firm in asserting her rights. She was Everard's wife, and she could prove it, and it was natural that she should come to what she supposed was his home and hers.

It was not her fault that she had made the mistake. The wrong was on his side, and she should stay there until he came, unless they turned her from the door, which she hardly thought they would do.

And then she wondered how sick Rosamond was, and wished she could see her, and resolved upon making a desperate effort to do so on the morrow.

To Agnes she said nothing, except once when she saw her lips move and knew that she was praying, and then she bade her not to act so foolishly, but to hold up her head and make them believe she was as good as they.

Agnes made no reply, and just then Mrs. Markham appeared, apologising for her long absence, and saying that though Miss Hastings was of course surprised at what she had heard, she did not discredit it, and would telegraph at once for Mr. Forrest.

"Meantime," she continued, "she wishes you to remain here till he comes, and has given orders to have you made comfortable, and I believe there is a fire in your room if you wish to go to it, as you may before dinner. Miss Hastings is too ill to see you herself, but wishes you to feel at home, and ask for whatever you want."

"Thanks; she is very kind. I would like to go to my room, and to have one of my trunks sent up. Agnes will show you which one—the small leather box," Josephine said, with a dignified bow, and she rose from her chair as if expecting Mrs. Markham to show her upstairs.

But that lady had no such intention, and calling Aunt Axie, she bade her conduct the lady to her room.

Axie did not refuse, but her cap certainly set up a story higher than usual, and both her flat nose and chin were in the air as she led the way to the apartment, where a bright wood fire was blazing, and which looked very cheerful and pleasant; for, as it was Everard's room, the one he occupied when a boy, and where he always slept when he spent a night at the Forrest House, Rosamond had taken great pains to keep it nice, and had transferred to it several articles of furniture from the other rooms.

The best bedstead was there, and bureau and washstand—two or three easy-chairs and a centre-table with books, and stereoscopic views, and a student's lamp and foot-rest, and pictures on the wall, portraits of Judge Forrest and his wife, and Everard when he was a boy.

On the whole it was a great improvement upon the dining-room, with its old-fashioned, chocolate-coloured paper and rather cheerless aspect, and Josephine's spirits rose as she looked about her and began to examine the different articles of furniture, stopping first before Everard's picture, and mentally pronouncing him a green-looking boy.

But before the portrait of Mrs. Forrest, taken about the time of her marriage, she stopped a long time, and was even conscious of shrinking a little from the clear, truthful eyes, which seemed to be

looking at her with life and consciousness in their expression.

It was such a fair, sweet, lady-like face, with the stamp of true nobility upon it, and Josephine felt her own inferiority and unworthiness as she had never felt it before. But she forced it down with the thought:

"I am as good as a Bigelow or a Forrest, and I will make the people think so. They shall know how I have been deceived, and they shall take my part, too."

And then it was that the idea entered her mind to send a notice of her marriage to the paper if there was one in Rothsay.

She had rung for hot water, and when it was brought by Lois she questioned her, as we have seen, and hired her to take a notice to the editor of the "Star," chuckling to herself as she thought of the wonder it would create among Everard's acquaintances, and the annoyance it would give him.

But it was right, she reasoned, and necessary to establish herself on a proper footing, and she meant to stand well with the people.

"They cannot resist me. Nobody ever did," she thought, as she stood before the mirror arranging her hair for the dinner which Lois said would be served in half an hour, and about which old Axie was busy, though rather against her will.

Had the woman who called herself Mrs. J. E. Forrest been a mere visitor and relative, the old woman would have done her best and felt that the reputation of the house depended upon her dinner, but for one who claimed to be Master Everard's wife she had no heart to work, and only for Rossie's express wish that the ladies should be treated with attention she would have given them the bacon alone and thought it good enough.

As it was, it was a very comfortable dinner, to which Josephine at last came down, arrayed in a gown of soft cashmere, with just a little white at her throat and wrists.

As it was only her mother for whom she mourned she had declared that she might wear a jet necklace, which heightened the effect of her dress, indeed if it needed anything more to improve it than the beautiful face and wealth of golden hair.

Now Mrs. Markham drew an involuntary breath as this vision of loveliness and grace came into the room, apologising for being tardy, and inquiring so sweetly for Miss Hastings, who, she hoped, was not worse, and who was so kind to make her welcome there.

"It would be unpleasant going to an hotel, and I thank Miss Hastings for inviting me to remain here," she said, speaking in her softest, made-up voice.

Her policy was to be as sweet as well as as firm one, and before dinner was over even Mrs. Markham began to waver a little in her first opinion of Josephine and wonder why Everard should have kept secret his marriage with this brilliant, fascinating woman, who seemed so much of a lady, and who evidently was as well born as himself, at least on the maternal side, for Josey took care to say that her mother knew Mrs. Forrest when she was a girl, and was present at her wedding, but that, owing to adverse circumstances, they saw nothing of each other after the marriage.

"Papa was unfortunate and died, and we moved into the country, where, for a time, mamma had a hard struggle to keep up, and at last took a few boarders in order to live," she said, and her blue eyes were very tender and pathetic as she told what in one sense was the truth, though a truth widely different from the impression she meant to convey.

Once Agnes, whose face was very white and whose lips moved occasionally as if imploring pardon for her sister's duplicity, gave her such a look of sorrowful rest that Mrs. Markham observed and wondered at it, just as she wondered at the great difference between the sisters, and could only account for it on the supposition that Agnes's mother was a very different woman from the second Mrs. Fleming, who had been a friend of Mrs. Forrest, and a guest at her wedding.

Miss Belknap was, of course, brought into the conversation, and Josephine was sorry to hear that she was not at home.

"I depended upon her to vouch for my respectability. She knows me so well," she said, explaining that Beatrice had been for some time an inmate of her mother's house in Holburton, and that she had liked her so much, and then, more bewildered than ever, Mrs. Markham went over half-way to the enemy, and longed for the mystery to be explained.

The next day, which was Saturday, it rained with a steady pour, and Josephine mostly kept her room after having expressed a wish to see Miss Hastings, if possible, and convince her that she was not an impostor, but when this request was made known



to Rossie by Mrs. Markham; she threw up both her hands as if to thrust something off, and exclaimed: "No, no—not her; not Joe Fleming! I could not bear it till Mr. Everard comes."

"She was thinking of her hair and the letter, and the persistence with which Joe Fleming had demanded money from Everard, and it made no difference with her that Mrs. Markham represented the woman as pretty, and lady-like, and sweet. She could not see her, and a message to the effect that Miss Hastings was too weak and sick to talk with strangers was taken to Josephine, who effected great concern, hoped Miss Hastings was not going to be seriously ill, and offered the services of her sister, who was a capital nurse, she said, and who had the faculty of quieting the most nervous persons and putting them to sleep.

But Rossie declined Agnes too, and lay with her face to the wall, scarcely moving, and never speaking unless she was first spoken to.

And Josephine lounged in her own room, and had her lunch brought up by Axie, to whom she tried to be gracious, asking some questions about the portraits and about Everard when he was a boy. But Axie was not easily won.

She did not believe in Mrs. J. E. Forrest, and looked upon her presence there as an affront to herself and an insult to Rossie, and when about two o'clock the "Star" was brought into the house by her husband, John, who was in a state of great excitement over the marriage notice, which had been pointed out to him, she wrung from Lois the fact that she had carried a note to the editor, and been paid a shilling for it by the lady upstairs, who charged her not to tell.

Lois was taken down the cellar and spanked, the money was taken from her, and the paper put away where it could not be found if Rossie chanced to ask for it; and Mrs. J. E. Forrest sunk still lower in the scale of Aunt Axie's good opinion, while in the old lady's heart there was a growing fear lest the story of the marriage were true, and all her fond hopes for "de chilluns," as she called Everard and Rossie, blasted.

"She couldn't have been dat brazen to of done put dat piece in de paper for a box; dar'suffin in it," the old woman said to her cousin, John, while a tear rolled down her shining face and dropped on the pants she was mending, and in the pocket of which the "Star" was hidden, which she was keeping from Rosamond.

But she could not keep it from the world as represented by Rothery, for it was already the theme of every tongue.

The editor had read the note which Josephine sent him before Lois, who was of an inquiring mind and had stopped to look about her, had left the office, and then he questioned her as to where she got it, or rather who sent her with it. Lois had answered him:

"De young lady what comed from de train wid four big trunks and handboxes."

"And where is she now?" he asked, and Lois replied:

"Upstairs in Moe's Everard's room."

This last was proof conclusive of the validity of the marriage, which the editor naturally concluded was a hasty affair of Everard's college days, when he had the reputation of being rather wild and fast. Between Hardy, the editor of the "Star," who was a young man, and Everard there existed a slight feud, of which Rosamond was the innocent cause, and as Hardy was rather vindictive in his nature, and never forgot a slight, he often meant to make his paper the medium for giving his fancied enemies little stabs of revenge, and here was an opportunity to be even with young Forrest, who held his head so high, and was so much afraid that anyone except himself would pay the slightest attention to Rosamond.

So he published the notice, and in another column called attention to it, and made some remarks of his own, and added:

"We hear that the lady is at the Forrest House, and that the bridegroom has been sent for."

"This he had learned from Lois, of whom he asked if Mr. Forrest had returned.

"No, sar, but we send fetch him wid dis yer," and Lois held up the telegram which she had managed to decipher.

Of course there was much wondering, and surmising, and guessing, and in spite of the rain the ladies who lived near each other got together and talked it up, and believed or disbelieved it according to their several natures.

Mrs. Dr. Rider, a chubby, good-natured, easy-going woman, whose first question when she met a neighbour was "What is the news?" declared her intention of knowing the facts before she slept.

Her husband attended Rosamond, and she had a syrup which was just the medicine for a sore throat and influenza, such as Rossie was suffering from,

and she would take it to her and perhaps learn the truth of the strange story of Everard's marriage.

Accordingly, about four o'clock that afternoon, Mrs. Dr. Rider's little covered phaeton turned into the Forrest avenue, and was seen from the window by Josephine, who, dreadfully tired and annoyed, was looking out into the rain.

That the phaeton held a lady she saw, and as the lady could only be coming there she resolved at once to put herself in the way of some possible communication with the outer world.

Glancing at herself in the mirror she saw that she was looking well, although a little paler than her wont, but this would make her more interesting in the character she meant to assume, that of an angelic martyr. As the day was chilly a soft white wrap of some kind would not be out of place, and would add to the effect.

So she snatched up a fleecy shawl of Berlin wool, bought in Brussels, and throwing it around her shoulders, took with her a book, and hurrying down to the reception-room, had just time to seat herself gracefully and becomingly, and to be absorbed in her book, when the door opened and Mrs. Dr. Rider came in.

Aunt Axie, who was a little deaf, was in the kitchen busy with her dinner, while Lois was in the barn, hunting for eggs, and so no one heard the bell, which Mrs. Rider pulled twice, and then presuming upon her long acquaintance with the house, opened the door and walked into the reception-room, where she stopped for an instant, startled by the picture of the pretty blonde in black, with the white shawl, and the golden hair rippling back from the beautiful face, which looked up so shyly and modestly as she came in.

She had stumbled at once upon the very person she had come to inquire about, and as she was not one to lose any time, she shook the rain-drops from her waterproof, and drawing near to the fire, turned to the lady in the easy-chair, and said:

"I beg your pardon for my very unceremonious entrance. I rang twice, and then ventured to come in, it was raining so hard."

Josephine admitted that it was raining hard, and both agreed that it had rained hard all day, and was likely to rain to-morrow, and that the weather was execrable.

Then Josephine remarked that she expected to find it warmer than in the north-east, but she believed it was colder, and she drew her shawl around her shoulders, shook back her rippling hair, and lifted her blue eyes appealingly to Mrs. Rider, who eagerly responded:

"You came from the north-east, then?"

"Yes, madame, from Holburton, which is near the borders. That is, I am from there just now, but it is only two weeks since I returned from America, where I have been for a long time.

Here there was a solution in part of the mystery. This wife had been to America, and that was why the secret had been kept so long, and little Mrs. Dr. Rider, in whose nature there was nothing really malicious, flushed with eager excitement and pleasurable curiosity as she said:

"From America! You must be tired with your long journey. Have you ever been in Rothery before? From your having come from the north-east I suppose you must be a relative of Mrs. Forrest, who was born near Holburton?"

She did not suppose any such thing, and Josephine knew she did not, and knew that in all probability she had seen the notice in the "Star," and had come to spy out the land, but it was not her policy to parade her story unsolicited.

She should be very modest and retiring, and she merely replied that she was not a relative of Mrs. Forrest's, though her mamma and that lady had been friends, and she believed mamma was at Mrs. Forrest's wedding.

If anything had been wanting to give her tone the wedding business did it Mrs. Rider's estimation. To have been a friend of the late Mrs. Forrest and a guest at her wedding stamped a person as somebody, and Mrs. Rider began at once to believe in and in a way to espouse the cause of this woman to whom she said:

"I hope you will excuse me if I seem forward in what I am about to say. I am Mrs. Rider, wife of the family physician, and a great friend of Everard's, and when I saw that notice of his marriage in the "Star" I was greatly astonished and could hardly credit it, though I know such things have been before, but four years is such a long time to keep an affair of that kind a secret. May I ask if it is true, and if you are the wife?"

It was well that the lady had announced herself, for Josephine was apt to judge people by their dress, and Mrs. Rider was not very stylish looking in her old waterproof and big overshoes, but as the wife of the family physician she must be a person of some

consequence, and she was certainly a carrier of news and a very good ally to secure.

So Josephine answered her very quietly: "It is true, and I am his wife, or I should not be here."

"Yes, certainly not, of course," Mrs. Rider replied, hardly knowing what she was saying, and wishing that the fair blonde whose eyes were looking so steadily into the fire would say something more, but she didn't.

She was waiting for her visitor to question her, which she presently did, for she could never leave the matter in this way, so she said:

"You will pardon me, Mrs. Forrest, but knowing a little makes me want to know more. It seems so strange that Everard should have been a married man for more than four years and we never suspect it. It must have been a private marriage."

"Ye-es, in one sense," Josephine said, very slowly, with the air of one who is having something wrung from her unwillingly. "A great many people saw us married, for it was in a drama—a play—but none of them knew it was meant to be real and binding, except Everard, and myself, and the clergyman, who was a genuine clergyman. We knew and intended it, of course, or it would not have been valid. We were engaged and did it on the impulse of the moment, thinking no harm. Nor was there, except that we were both so young, and Everard not through college. We told mother and sister, but no one else, and as the villagers did not know of our intention to be married, or that Dr. Matthewson was a clergyman, they never suspected the truth, and the secret was to be kept until Everard was graduated, and after that—"

She spoke very slowly now, and drew long breaths as if every word she uttered were a stab to her heart.

"After that I hoped to come—hoped to get out of my false position, but there was some fear of his father, Judge Forrest, which kept Everard silent, waiting for an opportunity to tell him, for I was not rich, you know, and he might be angry; so I waited patiently, and his father died, and I went to America, and there the years have gone."

The blue eyes, in which the tears were shining, more from steadily gazing into the fire than from emotion of any kind, were lifted to Mrs. Rider, who was greatly affected, and then said:

"Yes, I see; but when the judge died there was nothing in the way of acknowledging the marriage. I am surprised and disappointed in Everard that he should treat you thus."

Mrs. Rider's sympathy was all with the injured wife, who seemed so patient and uncomplaining, and who replied:

"He has good reasons, no doubt. His father disinherited him, I believe, and that may have had its effect, but I do not wish it talked about until Everard comes. I expected to meet him, I must come, of course; there was no other way, for mamma recently died, and the old home was broken up. I must come to my husband."

She kept asserting it as if in apology for her being there, and her voice trembled, and her whole air was one of such injured innocence that Mrs. Rider resolved within herself to stand by her in the face of all Rothery, if necessary.

Mrs. Rider was a very motherly little woman, and her heart went out at once to this girl, whose mother had just died, and whose blue eyes and black dress appealed so strongly to her sympathies.

She liked Everard, too, and did not mean to be disloyal to him, if she could help it, and still away down in her woman's heart there were one or two little grudges which, unconsciously to herself, perhaps, she had been cherishing against the Forrest family and against Beatrice Belknap, who was so closely identified with the Forrests as to be a part of them and have her own sins visited upon their heads.

When the craning movement, of which Beatrice was head and front, commenced, Mrs. Rider's brother kept a first-class tavern, where the choicest of liquors were to be found, and where many of the first young men of the town congregated.

Against this place the crusaders had set their faces like a flint, and if they did not always proceed in the most discreet manner, they had succeeded in breaking it up at the cost, it was said, of great personal loss to the proprietor, who was obliged to leave the town and seek employment elsewhere.

This Mrs. Rider secretly resented and charged to Beatrice, whom she dared not openly attack, for she professed to be a temperance woman herself, though she talked on both sides and quoted the doctor, her husband, as proof and authority that a man could take wine for dinner every day and still keep both head and feet level.

(To be Continued.)



[THE GREAT GERMAN EX-CHANCELLOR.]

## PRINCE BISMARCK.

PRINCE BISMARCK is one of those men who make history. He has made the German Empire. Certain cosmopolitan politicians, notably those of Mr. Cobden's following, had long so accustomed themselves to look on a European political system as it in their opinion ought to be, that they came to a precipitate conclusion that their dreams were realised. The ages of rival states, of antagonistic aims and aggrandisement, of personal ambition were—so they fondly thought—gone, and a new era of fraternity, open diplomacy, and cosmopolitan generosity had set in. Disputes, should they arise, were to be settled by arbitration! Commercial treaties and international exhibitions were to prevail. For a time it seemed as if this very amiable theory were to work; but only for a time. Cobden's dream of peace and the "Manchester" anticipations of the new era have been followed and falsified by stupendous alterations of the map of Europe: by the Franco-Austrian war of Louis Napoleon, by the Schleswig-Holstein war, involving in either case large transference of territory, by the war between Prussia and Austria, leading to the retirement of Austria from Germany, by the occupation of Rome and the end for the present of the Pope's temporal dominion, and by the Franco-German war, which has created anew an Imperial Germany; and a war, concerning which many bid us to shut our eyes, is now pending. However rightly philanthropists may preach and promote peace and goodwill, the well-meaning but dangerous speculations of the peace-at-any-price party will never be fulfilled while human nature retains its present character and constitution. Till selfishness, rapacity, cunning, cruelty and a troop of kindred evils are removed from men, national changes, national dis-

putes will continue to occur, and each nation, if it is to maintain its integrity, must depend, not on the cosmopolitan talk of the school in question, but upon its perfect ability to hold its own—to fight if occasion should arise. A nation which fails to recognise this truth is doomed already. It is imbecile, and only awaits sure extinction. At any rate, the leading statesmen of the Continent, Thiers, Gortschakoff, Bismarck, are perfectly aware of this small fact.

Prince Bismarck affords the most striking contemporary instance of a statesman shaping the course of his country. Nor would such an individualised course be possible in a country of extreme democratic or full constitutional development. Bismarck has largely acted without domestic let or hindrance; he has achieved for his country unity, a new life, and the first place, and an imperial one, in the councils of the Continent. It is our present purpose to give some brief outline of his extraordinary career.

The Count Von Bismarck—or, in full, Count Otto Edward Leopold Von Bismarck Schonhausen—was born at Schonhausen, in the province of Brandenburg, on the first of April, 1815. His family were of the rank called Junkers; a position intermediate between our esquire and knight, a rank, however, which in North Germany is regarded as almost noble. His father was an officer in the bodyguard of the King of Prussia; his mother was daughter of a Privy Councillor, who had served under three Prussian sovereigns. This lady is represented as a person of considerable beauty, highly educated, and possessing fascinating manners. Bismarck studied at Gottingen and then at Berlin and Griefswald. At Gottingen University, which he entered in 1832, he fought twenty-one duels (duelling being a recognised custom among the German students) receiving in one of them a wound in the face, the scar of which is still visible. His student

life was jovial and boisterous; but among his Berlin acquaintance he counted Mr. Lothrop Motley, who has since achieved eminence as the historian of the Netherlands. In 1835 he was appointed to the office of "auscultator" or examiner, a sort of clerkship in the city police; having previously passed a successful examination, to the general astonishment, in jurisprudence.

In the winter of 1835-6 he was introduced to the Court circle. It was at a Court ball during this season that he was presented to the Sovereign whose minister he subsequently became. He and another young advocate, Von Schenck, equally as tall as Bismarck, were introduced at the same time, when the Prince remarked, "Well, justice seeks her young advocates after the standard of the Guards!" He entered the army, and was afterwards lieutenant in the Landwehr. On receiving a share of the paternal estates he gave himself up for some time to dissipation—"sowing the wild oats," a curious, dangerous, but sometimes a necessary experience. At Kniephof, his residence, he indulged in carousals with officers of the neighbouring garrisons, and filled his house with companions as given to frolic as himself. They would sit up the whole night, imbibing a favourite but very singular mixture—champagne and porter! If any of them chanced to fall asleep, pistol shots were fired by the others to wake them. Bismarck himself received the nickname of "Mad Bismarck," and the house was declared to have changed its name from Kniephof to Kueiphof, the latter being the German word corresponding to our pot-house. At this time, however, he read and thought hard, doing everything vigorously and with all his heart. Spinoza is mentioned as one of his favourite authors. He visited France and England. On the death of his father the estates of Schonhausen and Kueiphof fell to him, from the former of which his title is derived. In 1847 he obtained in marriage the daughter of Herr Heinrich Puttkammer; a love-match, to which the bride's sedate parents assented with some misgivings—misgivings never justified. His dissipation was the frolic of a young man; it was in no sense the aim and end of his life. He never allowed himself to be enthralled by it. During the wedding trip Bismarck accidentally met at Venice his sovereign, Frederick William IV. He was commanded to dine at the royal table, when the King conversed with him freely, and hence began to entertain a high regard for him.

Bismarck became a member of the Diet of the Province of Saxony in 1846, and of the general diet in 1847. Here he made himself remarkable by the boldness of his speeches on the Conservative side. Especially he held that Prussia was not then ripe for democratic development. In the winter of 1849 he brought his family to Berlin, and devoted himself to politics. He would often call at the office of the "Kreuz-Zeitung," and entertain any of his friends that he found in the editorial room with some good anecdote, or would place himself at the desk, and with his gloves and hat by his side, would dash off some brilliant article in support of his party. In 1850 the German Diet was restored under the presidency of Austria, and Prussia was reduced to a very subordinate position. In 1851 Bismarck entered the diplomatic service, and represented Prussia as Ambassador to the Diet at Frankfurt. He had not long been at Frankfurt before he saw with disgust the low estimation into which his country was fallen, together with the encroaching arrogance of Austria, at that time the undisputed leading power of Germany. Bismarck set himself to change all that; he did so with rare courage and energy, and with rare success also, as we now know. His first visit to Count Rechberg, the Austrian Minister and the President of the Diet, was characteristic. Rechberg, who just then was engaged, begged him to wait a minute; whereupon he seated himself on the sofa and quietly lit a cigar. He was determined from the outset to uphold the perfect equality of his country with Austria.

In 1859 he was sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and in 1862 in a like capacity to Paris. In 1862 he was recalled to Prussia as Minister of the King's House and of Foreign Affairs. For long he was regarded with distrust as a supporter of the unpopular monarchical régime. He in the name of the King dissolved the Chamber of Deputies after a series of angry altercations. In 1863 occurred the enterprise of Schleswig-Holstein, in which Austria reluctantly took part; and in 1866, aided by Italy, war was made on Austria, at the conclusion of which war Austria consented to retire from Germany. Bismarck was now the idol of the people. His policy had two objects: first, to expel Austria from the German body; secondly, to rally round Prussia those members of that body which the events of history had dispersed. He has attained them both.

In 1866 he was created a count, receiving as a gift



from the King of Prussia a valuable estate in Luxemburg. By the Treaty of Prague, 1866, he had secured the withdrawal of Austria already mentioned, the dissolution of the German Bund, the headship of Prussia in Germany, and the incorporation of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Hesse-Homburg, the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg, part of Hesse Darmstadt, the free city of Frankfurt, and the Principality of Hohenzollern with the Prussian dominions. These were splendid services for Prussia and for the whole German race, long divided and depressed, to their own and the general detriment. In 1867 Count Bismarck organised the North German Confederation, consisting of twenty-two States, headed by the King of Prussia; and a Federal Council and a Diet, or Common Parliament, were established. The Luxemburg question was settled by the neutralisation of that territory. But in 1870 a weightier dispute arose, leading to the memorable Franco-German War. Our "ally," Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, was willing to engage England in war for the integrity of Belgium, and later on, when he supposed his preparations were complete, he seized the flimsy pretext of the announcement of a Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish Crown—a candidature which was withdrawn—to declare war against Prussia.

According to M. Rouher he had occupied four years in perfecting the organisation of the army, and he went to war confident of success. We know the result. Count Bismarck accompanied the King throughout the campaign, and after the capitulation of Paris he dictated the terms of peace (the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, German provinces which had been violently annexed by France, and a war indemnity of five milliards of francs). He saw the old disturbing power of Europe beaten back, the triumph and the unity of the German people secured, and he saw, in the royal palace of the invaders, the Imperial German Crown placed upon the head of his monarch. In January, 1871, he was appointed Chancellor of the Empire, and in March of the same year he was raised to the rank of Prince. Honours were never more appropriately bestowed, never more deserved, though they could add little to the intrinsic nobility of the man.

In more recent years his struggle with the Ultramontane Roman Catholics has attracted great attention. Matters came to this pass, the State had to act in self-defence against the political intrigues of conspirators acting under the cloak of religion. The Jesuits were expelled, and the priests were required to obey the laws as other citizens, and not to divide their allegiance, or rather to render it to a foreign Prince. We have no desire to enter into this question. But the battle between Ultramontane Sacerdotalism and Civil and Mental Freedom is not yet ended, and all Europe may possibly be occupied in the struggle. Even more dangerous, too—from the standpoint of rational constitutionalism—is the new revolutionary spirit, of lawlessness, atheism, and the guillotine, which by careful propaganda and occasional violent outbursts, still threatens the public tranquillity. If Count Bismarck has to dread the one, MacMahon, who has not forgotten the horrible Crimeux, may well recollect the other.

Prince Bismarck's personal appearance is fairly familiar to most of us. Small feet and hands, bald head, lofty brow, small gray eyes, in deep sockets, almost hidden by bushy eyebrows, and martial moustache, now nearly white, are the features chiefly noticeable. The time has hardly arrived for an exact valuation of him. But we in England ought to be able to honour his patriotism, and most assuredly, as Englishmen, we have cause to rejoice in his work. For centuries, from 1066 till 1815, and from Bonaparte to Waterloo, France was the brigand power, the common disturber of Europe, and the constant foe of this country. Any small schoolboy, history in hand, will confirm this statement. It is well, therefore, in the interests of Europe that there should be a counterpoise. Nor, of all things on the wide earth, need England suspect the power which stood by us in our fight for life at Waterloo. One of the most vital ties of unity naturally links together the three main offshoots—English, German, American—of the fine old Saxon family; and with that family in pacific accord, the peace and the progress of the world are assured, and most certainly the prosperity of Great Britain.

T. H. G.

### MAKING FUN OF JUSTICE

THERE is a strong tendency in the lower courts of justice to indulge in a fourth-rate kind of wit, and reporters are sometimes tempted to give currency to the more successful efforts of the producers.

What is the result? From laughing with a judge, the transition is easy to laughing at him. Crime is no "laughing matter." The poor drunkard, for example, or the woman lost to shame, may excite pity, and the wilful wrong-doer, indignation, but can never afford amusement to a well-ordered mind. Justice in jest does not carry weight. Justice ought to be grave, earnest, and severe in mien. Drollery on the bench is not for the public good. It is indecency. The magistrate who laughs with a coarse criminal, seems to him, and his fellows, to condone the crime.

### BLOWS ON THE HEAD.

WE have just arisen from the perusal of a paper giving an account of a blow on the head changing an idiot into a person of extraordinary intellect.

This account tells us that there are a great number of well-authenticated instances where blows upon the head have changed idiots into geniuses, and, of course, we don't dispute the assertion. We don't know anything about it, but we do know that if the result were always to be relied upon, it would pay well for somebody to go about the world with a sledge-hammer striking out right and left wherever a head was to be found.

Medical journals tell us that the brain is frequently injured by blows to such an extent that imbecility is the result, and we cannot help thinking that sometimes there must have been a great deal of brain dealt with in this way.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that we know so little of the science of blows as applied to the brain. If we could only gauge and graduate the thing as we do the steam in the steam-engine, what wonderful results might be brought about. If we knew just how and where to attack the brain of our overburdened wags, how much we might accomplish for them. Their intellectual sharpness might be toned down so that they would not want to be elected MPs; and, as for idiots, why, by a judicious system of "boxing ears," they might be made fit for the judicial bench, and would probably shine as members of coroners' juries.

K. T.

### FACETIÆ.

#### LUXURY.

A DILAPIDATED man with a satchel containing a bottle of gin, four boxes of sardines, two small boxes of cigars, a bottle of whiskey, several dozen fried oysters, a bottle of brandy, mustard, pepper, and salt in castors, and a bottle of coffee, was arrested by the police as a thief. But he easily proved that his provisions had been honestly paid for. He "wanted to live like a king once in his life," he explained.

#### FEAR.

LITTLE four-year-old Lula was very much afraid in the dark, and for that reason had a great dream of bed-time. Complaining of this to a friend one day, she was told that if she would remember always that "darkness and light are alike to God" she would no longer be afraid. The next morning upon entering the breakfast-room the little one exclaimed:

"Well, Mrs.—, I was 'fraid agin last night!"

"Why, how was that," asked the lady; "did you not remember what I told you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lula; "I 'membered it, but the 'fraid is in me, and can't be got out of me."

#### NO FAITH IN BLUE GLASS.

OLD ST and one of his chums met yesterday morning.

"Where is you bin dis mornin', Peter?"

"I've bin up dar at Marse Willum's house putting in some blue glass in de winders ob de flow'r konservatif!"

OLD ST: "Ah! this chille don't like blue glass—can't see who's comin'."

A NEGRO, being asked for his definition of a gentleman, gave the following: "Massa make de black man workee—make de ox workee—make ebory ting workee—only de hog—he no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he please, he lift like a gentleman."

GARRICK put it in this way to the preacher: "You deal with facts as if they were fictions—I deal with fictions as if they were facts."

#### A MYSTERY.

Two darkeys had bought a piece of pork, and Sam having no place to put his entrusted it to Julius's keeping. Next morning they met and Julius said:

"A most strange thing happened at my house last night, Sam; a mystery to me."

"Ah! Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, dis mornin' I went into de cellar for to get a piece of hog for breakfast, and I put my hand in de brine and felt all around, but no pork dere—all gone—couldn't tell what went with it; so I turned up de barrel, Sam, true as preaching, de rats had eat a hole clear frou de bottom ob de bar'l and dragged de pork all out."

"Why didn't de brine run out of de hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery."

"UNION is not always strength," as was Casually remarked the other morning by a tramp as he paused midway with his gruel.

—Fuu.

#### ONE ADVANTAGE.

COUNT GLEICHEN's statue of Alfred the Great has been erected in a town of which everyone may claim to be an inhabitant. We live in Want age, all of us.

—Fuu.

#### "A FAR CRY."

TOURIST (who is great at astonishing the natives): "Well, my man, I suppose you can see a long way from here. Such a clever fellow as you can see America, now, when the sky's clear?"

SCOTCH SHEPHERD: "Eh, mon, and a long way beyant."

TOURIST: "Beyond! Why, where can you see?"

S. S.: "Eh, mon, the mune's a good deal further than a yer Merickies, nae doot."

—Fuu.

THE TRUE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.—The Workhouse.

—Fuu.

#### TROUBLED WATERS.

MR. FREDERICK CAVILL, the well-known professional swimmer, has been charged at the Middlesex Sessions with an assault on Mr. William Diver. After this who will Cavill at the proverb that "Two of a trade never agree?"

—Funny Folks.

THE ORDER FOR "DIP"—LOMATISTS.—The Bath of course.

—Funny Folks.

#### UNREASONABLE.

To complain that the telegrams from the seat of war give us "conflicting accounts" of the fighting.

—Funny Folks.

#### GOOD RECREATION FOR ASTRONOMERS.

GOING to a music hall where "all the stars appear nightly."

—Funny Folks.

#### A CREATURE OF CONTRARIES.

It is paradoxical that women should wear veils, since the first who adopted them set their faces against them.

—Funny Folks.

#### OUR CHUMMIES.

THE metropolitan chimney sweeps had a meeting at the Foresters' Hall, the other day, with the object of forming a trade benefit society. The chairman spoke very fluently in aid of the undertaking, and some very soot-able replies were made. It would be cynical to suggest that such a black business "won't wash." On the contrary, there are drawbacks to the trade which it is calculated to overcome—in fact, to make of them a "clean sweep."—Funny Folks.

THE PICK OF THE ARMY.—Sappers and Miners.

—Funny Folks.

A VEST-ED INTEREST.—Schneider's "little bill."

—Fuu.

A BLUE PILL, HARD TO SWALLOW.—The recent scandal at Christ's Hospital.

—Fuu.

#### MOCK-MODESTY.

FREDDY LONGSHANKS (who is really very proud of his lofty stature): "I assure you, my dear fellow, I find my height an awful nuisance. I'd give anything to be no bigger than you!"

JACK SHORT: "Then why the dickens do you wear such enormous heels?"

—Punch.

#### NOT PROVEN.

PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER: "Don't you know it's wicked to catch fish on the Sawbath?"

SMALL BOY (not having had a rise all the morning):

"Wha's catchin' fesh?"

—Punch.

#### HOG AND DOG.

WHEN Tartar meets Turk,  
With their mutual ferocities,  
Then—horrible work!—  
Comes the tug of atrocities.

—Punch.

BRITISH INTEREST.—Wherever there's British Capital.

—Punch.

## THE FIEND TWIN'S DIARY.

JANUARY—Am born. Didn't want to be. Object immediately as loud as I can. Younger brother born seven minutes later. Looks foolish, but may improve as he mellow with age.

FEBRUARY—Catch a cold. Give it to younger brother. He's sicker than I am. Very nearly settles him.

MARCH—Catch a nice rash. Pass it on the other cove. Pretty well winds up his clock.

APRIL—They've christened us. I'm Augustus and he's Alexander. I'll kick him when he sleeps.

MAY—Got the rattie rash. Hoony! So's he, only worse.

JUNE—They don't think they'll be able to rear him. He's to have cod-liver oil. Can't help laughing.

JULY—He's been squalling awful. Nurse says it's his nasty temper. I know it's a pin, but I'm not going to say.

AUGUST—We've got a new nurse, who talks to a tall soldier and leaves a perambulator basking in the sun. Alexander got a blister on his nose. They don't know what it is. They're going to give him a powder.

SEPTEMBER—I've given him the scarlatina. He seems resigned. I've nailed his feeding bottle.

OCTOBER—I've got a new game now—poking Noah's wife into his ear when the nurse ain't looking.

NOVEMBER—We're beginning to walk. He's weaker on his pins than I am, so I can shove him over easy.

DECEMBER—I'm beginning to cut my first tooth. As soon as it's through I've made up my mind to bite Alexander.

## MISCHIEF BREWING.

MRS. BULL (to the children): "Yes, dears, enjoy yourselves! But I think it likely we shall have a storm before long." —Judy.

## A LITTLE STORY.

(Unaccountably omitted from all the guides to all the watering places.)

"You don't look well, Miss Pentonville."

"No. The seaside doesn't agree with me; I stop as long as ever I can, and then go back to town to get well." —Judy.

## LIGHT AND 'EAT.

SEVERAL gentlemen persist in writing to the papers that there are not enough lights on the Underground. Our cat, who was lost in a tunnel for a fortnight, brought back the same impression. —Fau.

## "ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING."

RUSSIA: "Hallo! Does this mean war, sir?"

GERMANY: Not at all. Don't you see we're only presenting our best complements?" —Fau.

## THE SUIT.

THEY had been engaged for a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love," he exclaimed, "only three pounds for a suit of clothes."

"Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover.

"On, no," he answered, "it is a business suit."

"Well, I meant business," she replied.

THE Burial Question was practically put by a sexton belonging to a parish church not twenty miles from Morpeth, who was lately collecting the Easter dues.

Calling on one of the parishioners who refused to pay, the sexton grew angry, and exclaimed, "If ye winnet pay this time, that wad ye say, when ye dee, if ye winnet bury ye!"

## FOR LADIES ONLY.

THINGS a married woman cannot help thinking: That she was a very pretty girl at sixteen.

That she had, or would have had, a great many good offers.

That all her lady friends are five years older than they say they are.

That she has a very fine mind.

That if her husband had acted on her advice he would be a richer man to-day.

That people think too much of the looks of that Miss Blank, who would not be called handsome if she didn't make herself up.

That her mother-in-law is a very trying woman.

That her girls are prettier than Mrs. Blank's girls.

That she would like to know where her husband spends his evenings when he stays out.

That her eldest son takes after him.

That he is going to throw himself away on Miss Scraggs.

That Miss Scraggs set her cap for him, and did all the courting.

That her servant girls are the worst ever known.

That she has taste in dress.

That she has a good temper.

That she pities old maids.

## THE ROSE-BUSH IN THE UPPER WINDOW.

DOWN in the heart of the city's slums, Where never a ray of sunlight comes; Where crime, and hunger, and gaunt despair

Fiend-like crouch in their tiger lair; Where equal and filth are found alone, And Christian charity ne'er is known, Stands a tenement, tottering, old, Reeking with dampness, grey with mould. Ricketty stairways, crumbling caves, A home of drunkards, beggars and thieves. About the doors through the livelong day Children in rags and tatters play.

Forth from its portals robbers creep To prey while the world is fast asleep, And into its depths at early dawn Reels and staggers the sot forlorn.

Within, each scantily furnished room Bespeaks but poverty, crime, and gloom. No music of gentle voices falls Upon the ear in those narrow halls, No accent of home-like peace and rest, But oath, and quarrel, and drunken jest Come forth to tell of the hell within, That wretched home of sorrow and sin.

Yet, up in a window, beneath the roof Of this tenement-house, so far aloof From the haunts of fashion, I saw one day,

As I passed along that narrow way, A simple flower that some hand had placed On the sill, and its quiet freshness graced That desert spot with a beauty rare, And I knew that the one who placed it there

And watered it daily had still a part Of God given purity in her heart; For that modest bud in the window high, Looking up to the clear blue sky, Lovingly looking to Heaven above, Told of a simple, childish love For purer things—of an inward grace That not even sin could yet efface.

So oft and again, in passing by, I'd upward glance to that window high, And wonder whose was the tender care That watched and watered that rose-bush there.

One day as I passed at rapid pace I caught a glimpse of a poor pale face Peering out from the window high, And I said to myself—I know not why—As I hurried on, "The spell is o'er Full soon, your flower will bloom no more."

I passed again, one sombre morn, Through that dark and dingy street forlorn.

The very heavens seemed to frown, The rain was pouring in torrents down, A sadness and gloom complete Had settled down on that lonely street; And I knew not why, but over my soul A sudden and dark foreboding stole; But I laughed it down in sorrowful scorn, And upward looked for the flower—'twas gone.

But before the door a charity van Stood at the kerb, and I saw a man Placing the rose-bush, withered and thin, On a rude pine coffin that laid within.

G. L. C.

## STATISTICS.

AN interesting return has been issued. In a country like England, where there is no conscription, and service under arms is a voluntary contract, the figures given below will have especial interest. The return gives the total population between the ages of

15 and 35 in each county, and the number of militia, yeomanry cavalry, and volunteers in 1876, and the ratio per 100 of the male population between these ages so employed. In Kent the number of militia present at training in 1876 was 2,130, of whom 63 were officers, 116 non-commissioned officers, 25 drummers, and 1,926 privates. 70 who were absent with leave make the total 2,200. 25 officers received certificates of efficiency. Of yeomanry cavalry 376 were present at inspection in 1876, of whom 28 were officers, 48 non-commissioned officers, and 300 privates. 92 who were absent with leave bring up the total to 468. There were 389 horses. Of efficient volunteers there were 4,883, including 206 officers, 430 non-commissioned officers, 98 trumpeters and buglers, and 4,149 privates. 144 officers obtained certificates of proficiency in 1876. The grand total of these auxiliary forces in one county was 7,511, and the ratio per 100 of the male population between 15 and 35 years of age, who numbered 130,509, was 5.40.

## GEMS.

A GOOD man is the next thing on earth to a good woman.

EVERY day brings its own duties, and carries them along with it; and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after, but none ever the same.

IF a man could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man indeed.

EXCLUSIVE solitude and exclusive sociality are both injurious; and, with the exception of their order of precedence, nothing is so important as their interchange.

YOU cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it the more plentiful and clear it will be.

THE greatest gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

DID men govern themselves as they ought the world would be well disciplined.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A NEW method of preserving flowers, successfully adopted by Dr. Miegues, is reported. Each flower, held by the extremity of the stalk, is plunged into a vessel of paraffin, quickly withdrawn, and twirled rapidly between the finger and thumb, so as to shake off the superfluous oil. Bouquets of flowers thus treated have been kept upwards of twelve months without losing their shape or colours. Whether the smell of paraffin be equally persistent the doctor has forgotten to inform us.

TO DISINFECT ROOMS.—The disinfection of a room is not complete unless the walls have been thoroughly cleansed. If they are papered, the paper must be removed and the surface beneath carefully scraped and washed. If the walls are painted, they should be washed with caustic soda. The ceiling should also be subjected to a similar treatment.

TO TIN ZINC.—Make a bath of distilled water 1 gallon, pyrophosphate of soda  $\frac{3}{4}$  ozs., fused protoclauride of tin  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. A thin coat of tin can be obtained by simply dipping the zinc in the bath, and one of any thickness by the aid of the battery.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Court of Common Council has decided to widen London Bridge at a cost of £50,000.

BRIGHTON YOUTH has been celebrating his silver wedding, and it will be about three years before he gets through with it.

It is stated that when the Queen of Holland was on her death bed she uttered a melancholy prophecy with respect to the future of her country. She said, "You will never see another Queen of Holland, and a Republic will not take my place." She said also, "I foresee disastrous calamities for France." Putting the two predictions together the dying Queen's prognostications are easy to understand. She believed that the present Sovereign is the last King of Holland, that there will be a fresh war between France and Germany, in which the former will be beaten, and the latter will become Master of Holland.



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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the

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## PRINCE BISMARCK, EX-CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY.

This feature will constitute both a highly interesting attraction and also a most useful

## WORK OF REFERENCE—A ROLL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**LITTLE ONE.**—Galaxy is the astronomical term for the collection of stars called the Milky Way, but it is commonly used to express or signify any gathering of "bright, particular stars," whether persons, planets, or any other objects.

**PROGRESS.**—We know nothing of "Harnett's" Charity. Probably you mean "Anneway's," the address of which is 8, Victoria Chambers, Westminster, S.W.

**J. N. C.**—Your sonnet will most likely appear as soon as we can find room for it. Our gratuitous supply of such kinds of literature is always so much in excess of our requirements that we cannot guarantee any pecuniary remuneration for them at any time.

**TURN.**—1. If you have good reason to suppose that all or either of your letters reached the person for whom they were intended, the fact that they remain unanswered indicates that a renewal of the acquaintance is undesirable. 2. There is no reason why you should not write, even though six years have elapsed. Perhaps more kindly feelings have in the interval sprung up on both sides. 3. We make no charge for our matrimonial advertisements.

**FRANKIE S.**—We will give your lines a place as soon as possible. See answer to "J. N. C."

**PRODIGMAN.**—Write to the Chief Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard, London.

**MARIA G.**—Before this reaches you we hope you will have got rid of your troublesome tenants—that is, parted with those irredeemably decayed teeth which are no doubt the cause of your suffering. For face-ache try three or four times a day a tablespoonful of soft water mixed with marinate of ammonia in the proportion of nine ounces of the former to one ounce of the latter.

**ANNIE MATILDA.**—Handwriting remarkably good; not so the composition and spelling of your note, both of which are very defective.

**BELINDA.**—Yes. Brown paper, steeped in turpentine or benzine, is perhaps better than camphor to keep moths away.

**H. G. S.**—The interments in the catacombs at Rome are estimated at 7,000,000.

**YARD SICK.**—From 1722 to 1857 the population of Russia increased from 14,000,000 to 74,000,000.

**READER.**—Berlin was a fishing hamlet in 1132. One hundred years later it became a city, and fifty years after it was surrounded by a wall. To-day it has a population of nearly one million souls, and is the great German capital and royal residence of Kaiser William.

**CRUIA.**—We believe that flowers may be preserved a long time by being dipped in paraffin. Each flower, held by the extremity of the stalk, is plunged into a vessel of paraffin, quickly withdrawn, and twirled rapidly between the finger and thumb, so as to shake off the superfluous oil. Bouquets of flowers thus treated have been kept upwards of a twelvemonth without losing their shape or colour. The smell of paraffin may be considered as an objection to this method while it lasts.

**W. R.**—A good dryer for paints is made by grinding or dissolving a small quantity of sugar of lead in linseed oil.

**MAY.**—For societies, receptions, &c., where the refreshments are handed round and are of a simple character, everything should be excellent in the highest degree, delicately prepared, and attractively served. Sandwiches and coffee, chocolate or tea, a variety of nice cake, jellies, ice-cream or ices, and fruit, are appropriate. For a more pretentious occasion a simple table, prettily decorated with flowers, and set with fruit, lobster salad, chicken croquettes, pickled oysters, and one or two kinds of ice-cream and cake, and coffee and tea, is quite enough.

**E. J. L.**—To Keep Eggs: Make a solution of borax water, a heaping teaspoonful of pulverised borax to a pint of boiling water; let it stand until the solution becomes warm, but not allow it to get so cool that the borax will crystallise; dip the eggs quickly then; keep in a cool place; the borax will crystallise around the egg, and therefore keep out the air and preserve the egg.

**A. R.**—It is certainly impossible to accede to your request.

**J. H.** wishes to correspond with a young lady about seventeen. He is nineteen, fair, dark hair, and affectionate.

**HARRY and JAMES**, two non-commissioned officers in the army, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Harry is tall, hazel eyes, auburn hair, good-looking. James is of medium height, blue eyes, light hair, good-looking. Must be fond of home and loving.

**M. R.**, twenty-one, good-looking, dark, fond of music, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young lady about twenty.

**SHYLOCK and ROMEO**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Shylock is of medium height, fair. Romeo is tall, brown hair and eyes. Respondents must be fond of home.

**PILOT JACK and GHOST of the "VENGEANCE"**, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Pilot Jack is twenty-three, good-looking. Ghost of the "Vengeance" is fair. Must be about their own age, domesticated, fond of home and children.

**T. C. J. M.**, and **T. P.**, three friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. T. C. is twenty, tall, dark. J. M. is twenty, medium height, fair. T. P. is nineteen, medium height, fair.

## THE LIGHT.

A light shines out in the darkness—  
The light from my beautiful home—  
It cheers my lone heart in its brightness,  
While out in the wide world I roam.

No matter how dark or how gloomy,  
Its gleaming was always there  
To welcome my home returning  
From the long day's worry and care.

The light has gone out in the darkness,  
'Tis shining no welcome for me,  
And the dear one who kept it burning  
From the sorrows of earth is free.

Her counsel has followed my wandering,  
Her prayers have guided me through;  
And if I've resisted temptation  
'Tis because she was loyal and true.

A light shines out in the darkness,  
A light from the Heavenly shore—  
And her dear heart will keep it burning  
To guide my frail bark o'er.

Oh, wives, keep the home-light burning,  
To your trust be loyal and true,  
For many a heart may be striving  
To enter the Gates after you. N. P.

**ESMER and LAURA**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Both are fair, of medium height. Must be tall, dark, and of very loving dispositions.

**POPPY, PATTY, and DAISY**, three friends, would like to correspond with three young men with a view to matrimony. Poppy is twenty-two, short, dark hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition. Patty is twenty, auburn hair, gray eyes, medium height, and fond of home and children. Daisy is nineteen, medium height, fair, blue eyes; golden hair, considered good-looking. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-four, good-looking, tall, dark, fond of home and children, of loving dispositions.

**ANNE W.**, sixteen, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. She is tall, dark, brown hair and eyes.

**ETHEL R.**, seventeen, tall, auburn hair, brown eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty, good-looking, fond of home and music. Tradesman preferred.

**ADAMS E.**, sixteen, light brown hair, hazel eyes, tall, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony, who must be between eighteen and twenty, fair.

**MARK and LUKE**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Mark is twenty-four. Luke is twenty-five.

**ALBERT W. H.**, twenty-one, tall, black curly hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a lady of loving disposition, fond of home and children.

**JOHN H. H.**, medium height, light hair, blue eyes, fair, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young lady of loving disposition, and very fond of home and children.

**R. B. and F. S.**, two friends, wish to correspond with two young gentlemen. R. B. is tall, dark hair and eyes. F. S. is tall, dark hair, blue eyes.

**M. T. P.**, twenty-nine, dark, medium height, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man. Must be between thirty-six and forty, tall, dark, fond of home.

**MICHAEL**, twenty, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen or nineteen.

**Hector**, twenty-five, good-looking, tall, dark, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a respectable young lady.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

**JESSIE and MAGGIE** are responded to by—W. H. and R. D. W. H. is twenty-one, dark, fond of home and children. R. D. is twenty, good-looking, dark, very fond of home.

**EMMA S.** by—Marco L., eighteen, dark hair and eyes, good-looking.

**JOHN BISHOP** by—Jessie, nineteen, dark hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

**THE MARGINE BOARD** by—Janie R., twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, tall.

**JACK PUGH** by—Lizzie, seventeen, dark hair and eyes, fond of home.

**W. G. D.** by—Jessie C., eighteen, of a loving disposition, fond of home.

**ANNIE** by—Harry, nineteen, medium height, fair complexion.

**M. M. M.** by—A. H. M., nineteen, a Good Templar.

**HEWITT W.** by—Blue Bell, tall, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home.

**ALFRED** by—A. H., twenty-one, dark.

**E. C.** by—Evan, twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, good-looking.

**EMMA S.** by—Richard C., dark, fond of home, music, and children.

**EMILY S.** by—Joseph S., twenty-one.

**TED E.** by—Annie F., twenty, medium height, fair, blue eyes.

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## THE MYSTERIES OF DENTISTRY.

In the early feudal days of Europe it was the custom of monarchs when rather short of ready cash to place an unfortunate Lombard in the hands of the executioner and order the victim's teeth to be "punched out," one by one, until the respectable old gentleman yielded up the precious contents of his secret coffers. If some of those ancient bankers whose molars, incisors, and bicusps were extracted with so much torture, could revisit the world and see people paying handsomely for the luxury of having their teeth removed and artificial sets made to take their place, they would be very much astonished at the changes wrought by science. Yet they would still see that drawing teeth was also often an excellent pretence for drawing money from the pockets of innocent patients; and they would find the place of the ruthless executioner usurped by the modern adventurer, who puts a tempting set of teeth in a glass case outside his door and calls himself a dentist. There is no profession in the world so unprotected against the charlatan as that of dentistry, but we may safely say that there is no profession which has accomplished more for the health, comfort, and convenience of the human race. It has been truly remarked that the man who is a very lion of courage in the stormy field of battle is utterly defeated and cast down by a toothache.

Diseased teeth are frequently the real causes of many ills which the flesh is heir to. Insufficient mastication of food, and consequently chronic dyspepsia, with all its attendant maladies, are the certain results of decayed and imperfect teeth. In protecting us against these evils, and in providing simple and effective remedies, the science of dentistry has accomplished wonders. The progress of decay can now be promptly and almost painlessly arrested, the troublesome old stumps can be whipped out of our mouths before we have time to think about pain, and every vacancy can be filled by a beautiful, enduring, and serviceable substitute. Briefly, this is what dentistry has accomplished, but in arriving at its present stage of progress a vast amount of patient scientific research and mechanical ingenuity have been pressed into the service of the profession. As in all other achievements which distinguish this Victorian age, we are indebted for our advanced knowledge to a few indefatigable and thoroughly practical pioneers, who not only avail themselves of every improvement and discovery, but are for ever striving to be foremost in the race.

Grim and awful were the mysterious paraphernalia of the olden Alchemist, but not one jot less impressive and ghostly are the mysteries of a dental factory. We had heard strange rumours of wonderful workshops, where palates were modelled in thin gold plates and vulcanite, by cunning workmen; where mineral teeth of pearly whiteness and marvellous durability were fitted to artificial gums; where, in fact, all the secrets of scientific dentistry were to be seen, and we were fortunate enough to obtain admission to one of the most favoured of these establishments—the dental surgery and factory of Mr. G. H. JONES, of 57, Great Russell Street. The handsome front of Mr. JONES'S establishment presents no feature beyond a small brass plate, to warn us of the professional operations within, and, on entering, the beautiful exotics and tastefully arranged appointments must be very effective in distracting any unpleasant feelings of dread on the part of the patient. The surgery—which 30 years ago might have been called the "torture chamber"—is fitted with a very beautiful aquarium, wherein various specimens of the finny tribe disport themselves, in utter disregard of the interesting operations performed in the large—shall we say easy?—chair opposite. In this room dental surgery is brought to the highest state of efficiency by the aid of mechanical contrivances, which reduce nearly all the most troublesome operations of extraction to almost painless processes. Thirty years ago every chemist professed to extract teeth, and armed himself accordingly with a horrible instrument known as the "Key," which was an improvement on a much more cruel contrivance called the "Pelican." For the benefit, however, of tooth-aching humanity, the forceps were introduced, and have been brought to a state of great perfection. The forceps are constructed to secure a very firm hold on the tooth, without fear of fracture, a direct force drawing it without injury to the jaw or adjoining teeth.

To those who do not care to feel even the momentary pain of such skilful treatment, Nitrous Oxide Gas is used, affording entire absence of pain during the operation. The gas is generally kept in a small steel bottle, containing about 1,000 gallons; compressed in this portable form, it is conveyed from the chemical laboratory to the operating room. In the use of this gas Mr. G. H. Jones has introduced some important improvements; availing himself of it in a state of extreme purity, as an anæsthetic,

and under his careful supervision it can be applied to the most delicate patients with complete safety.

The use of anæsthetics has conferred a great boon on suffering humanity, and has enabled the surgeon to perform operations without inflicting upon his patient the sharp pains which would otherwise shock the whole nervous system to a dangerous degree. From the remotest periods of history we can trace the efforts of scientific men to find a means of arresting the acute sensibility to pain. Fifteen centuries ago those wonderful people, the Chinese, knew of a preparation called Mayo, which was said to deaden sensation. The immortal author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* sang of Helen pouring into the wine-cup at her husband's court a mysterious liquid which caused oblivion to all sufferings. In modern times Faraday tried sulphuric ether, and although nitrous oxide had been discovered by Priestley as far back as 1776, it was not till 1800, when Sir Humphry Davy proved it to be respirable, that its value was discovered as a harmless but most effective anæsthetic. Its gravity is nearly that of the atmosphere, and it supports combustion with almost the same energy as pure oxygen. There is no actually unpleasant sensation produced either in the act of breathing it or in recovering from the state of complete insensibility which it instantly causes. As to this condition of oblivion much that is interesting might be related. Strange and pleasant dreams are said to occur in that minute of unconsciousness, and the patient wakes up with no feeling of depression or nervous headache.

The editor of a popular publication, suffering from the torture of toothache, rushed to Mr. G. H. Jones's dental surgery for relief, and thus describes the effects of nitrous oxide gas:—"The feeling for the moment was something between the rushing into a tunnel in an express train and the taking a header from a good height into the sea. By no means an unpleasant sensation, however, and then for the space of about 20 seconds I was nowhere, and at the expiration of that time I heard a bang, and then a voice called out, 'Now, sir, wake up, and rinse your mouth with a little water!' And then I stood before the windows perfectly calm, perfectly comfortable, without the least idea that my tooth had gone until my tongue found its way to the vacant place. No shock to the nerves, no painful recollections of an awful wrench, no uncomfortable after effects of any kind; on the contrary, a pleasant sensation of having had a glass of champagne, and a tendency for an hour after to sing snatches of "Rule Britannia."

That this is a thoroughly truthful statement we have every reason to believe, since it is confirmed by patients day after day in this room. Of course the use of nitrous oxide gas and of excellent instruments are not the all-in-all of dentistry. Experience and skill are necessary to use these means successfully, and there is no doubt that many a poor sufferer who gets into unskilful hands has a very different tale to tell of "the champagne," and goes away more disposed to groan than to sing.

A large proportion of the delightful operations performed in this "drawing" room are of a decidedly conservative character, for your really skilful dental surgeon always seeks to preserve rather than destroy. True, he can fit in beautiful substitutes, but so long as the natural teeth can be retained without injury to health or inconvenience, it is the duty of the dental surgeon to repair and protect them. Leaving the surgery and passing through a long corridor or covered way, adorned with shrubs and flowers, we ascend a few steps and find ourselves in the Dental Factory.

There is a certain Capuchin convent much frequented by Continental tourists, where vast subterranean vaults have constituted the burial-places of the monks through a long line of centuries, and the walls of these vaults are formed and decorated with the bones of the departed fathers. Even toenails were pressed into the service of the decorators, and are used for the small and more delicate traceries. We thought of this weird place as we looked at the walls of Mr. G. H. Jones's Dental Factory. Rows upon rows, from floor to ceiling, of grim, grinning, grinning jaws. They were not of human bones, but they bore the impress of living mouths—mouths of every shape and form. Transferred from composition to plaster, there they were, silent and solemn models of thousands of human mouths, of all ages, of all sizes. There were massive lower jaws, with two or three solitary but formidable old tusks; there were little well-shaped mouths with only a few vacancies in the row of small and even teeth. There probably was the mouth of some convivial alderman who had worn out his natural molars at civic banquets. Here, perhaps, was the impress of a pretty mouth, capable of winning men's hearts with a smile.

One could almost guess the sort of people whose mouths are modelled in some of these cold-looking plaster casts. Some broken rows of imperfect teeth look very old and feeble, some grim and spiteful, some strangely humorous, as if a good joke were just struggling through the old stumps, some greedy

and grasping, some firm and manly, some gentle and womanly. There must be many thousands of upper and lower jaws piled up against the walls of this factory, and the vacant spaces in all those jaws have been filled by artificial teeth made here. Let us see how they are made. Workmen are busily engaged in almost every stage of the manufacture, but we will begin at the beginning. We observed in the Surgery a number of white metal "trays" shaped to enter mouths of different dimensions; these "trays" are filled with a special composition, and the model is thus taken from the mouth. The composition mould is transferred to plaster, and from the plaster the artificial palate and teeth are carefully and accurately modelled.

Gold has been, and is now, extensively used in the construction of dentures. To obtain a perfectly true model in fine gold plate of all the irregularities of the mouth, a metal reproduction of the plaster cast is obtained, and negated in a softer metal. The gold plate is placed between these moulds, which are then beaten together till the gold assumes the exact form.

In this department of mechanical dentistry Mr. G. H. Jones has made many important discoveries, and has succeeded in introducing improvements which tend very much to the comfort and durability of artificial teeth. One of these improvements is the adaptation of the principle of the common sucker to the artificial palate. This patent suction-valve is really a remarkable invention, the upper case of teeth being, by its use, kept firmly in the mouth, only removable at the will of the wearer. The tongue, by a natural movement, exhausts the air from the valve, and the teeth are held securely in their place. All complicated mechanism is thus obviated, and there is nothing to cause portions of food to hang about the mouth.

Many dentists use vulcanite, which is a mixture of indiarubber and sulphur, in the manufacture of palates or bases for artificial teeth; but Mr. G. H. Jones uses a preparation specially prepared under his own direction, and now known as Thionite. This preparation has many advantages, being practically imperishable, and affording absolute resistance to the action of oil and acids, and consequently not being liable to corrode with the saliva or the acids of the stomach. Its strength and durability, combined with lightness, are also strong recommendations in its favour. To reduce the Thionite to a hard substance when it has been moulded to the form required, steam pressure is used, which converts it into a perfectly compact substance as strong as metal. When artificial teeth were first introduced they were not artificial in the true sense of the word, but the teeth of living or dead persons, in which a large trade was being done in Europe. It is said that certain European battlefields supplied a large quantity of excellent teeth. It was soon discovered, however, that such teeth, being dead, were subject to a rapid process of decomposition, and efforts were made to find a material which would combine the requisite qualifications of colour, hardness, and resistance to acids. After many experiments flour, spar, silex, and other substances were manufactured into a kind of porcelain, and Mr. G. H. Jones has succeeded in bringing the whole process to remarkable perfection by his wonderful production of Adamantine Mineral Teeth. The colours and shades necessary for the successful imitation of Nature are produced by the use of metallic gold and platinum, the oxides of gold, titanium, manganese, cobalt, and uranium.

There is no doubt that such valuable discoveries as these have added greatly to the fame of this factory, and may account for the employment of so many hands. Lathes, boilers, corundum wheels, machinery of almost every kind used for modelling and filling, are busy at work, and one would almost imagine, to see so extensive an industry, that artificial teeth were a necessity of daily existence. The fact is that they have been brought to such a state of perfection, and may be adapted so easily, and with so little inconvenience to the wearer, that they have become most important additions to the comfort of thousands. Not content with having brought to the highest possible condition of efficiency a complete organisation for carrying out every department of dentistry, we observe that popular instruction is also arrived at by Mr. G. H. Jones. Hundreds of thousands of little books, setting forth all necessary information concerning the functions and diseases of the teeth, with good practical advice, are sent out to all parts of the kingdom gratuitously, and quite a little book trade is being carried on in the apartment devoted to what we may designate the publishing branch of the establishment.

There is an extraordinary amount of attention to minute details required in making a really serviceable set of artificial teeth. Nature is not to be copied by a mere adventurer, who simply regards the work as one of pounds, shillings, and pence. To assure an absolutely perfect fit, so that the wearer may feel in no way inconvenienced, and to be sure that the materials used are of the best possible quality it is necessary that the manufacture should be personally superintended by an able dentist. We were astonished to observe how all the minutiae of artificial teeth-making were watched and inspected by Mr. G. H. Jones; but a wonderful facility for extracting teeth without pain is not the only reputation which this gentleman is jealous to preserve; he is equally careful that every set of teeth which goes forth from his factory shall be an additional memorial of his reputation. As year by year a steady and certain progress is made, difficult after difficulty overcome, we can well understand the professional enthusiasm which makes every department of dentistry a work of love to the man who follows it with a conscientious devotion.